THE LIVING AGE

MAY 1 - 1939

The World in Review

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The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
Books Abroad — Notes and Comments — Miscellany

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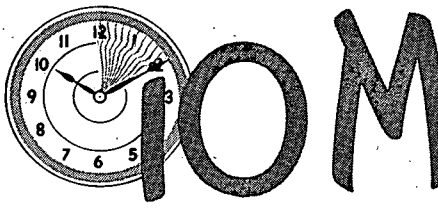

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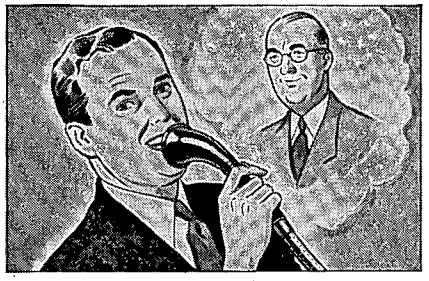

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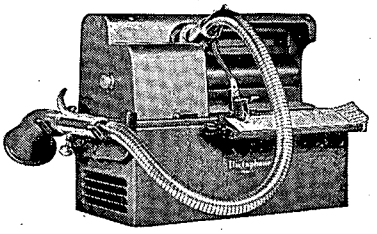

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THE GUIDE POST

WILL Yugoslavia follow the fate of its Czech neighbor? That question is discussed in 'Alarums on the Adriatic' by Stoyan Christowe, a Bulgarian-American journalist with a profound knowledge of Balkan affairs. He is the author of *This Is My Country* published in 1938, and has contributed many articles to leading American and continental publications [p. 208]. Greece too has joined the ever growing number of trouble spots. In 'Sparta Triumphant' a Greek contributor to *Clarté* gives an account of the home conditions in despot-ridden Greece, which will certainly play an important part in deciding Greek resistance to Italy's encroachment. [p. 211]

DESPITE Chamberlain's attempt to beguile himself into the conviction that his labors at Munich had brought world peace, the fact remains that British rearmament and home-defense measures have increased by one thousand per cent since fateful September 30. Detailed plans for evacuation to rural areas, elaborate tests with dug-out and bomb-proof shelters, the National Service Register—in short, everything destined to carry out home defense, preoccupies the newspapers. In 'Fiasco in Britain,' however, our London correspondent explains why the English readers are none too enthusiastic over the Government's eleventh-hour proposals. [p. 215]

IN OUR July, 1938, issue we published a study on the French Legion of Honor, based upon careful research by the French monthly *Crapouillot*. In this issue we print an adaptation of a similar survey by Henry Bellamy from the same source—on the French Academy, that famous institution for which most French writers yearn in vain. According to the author the Academy has fallen down considerably on the ideals set up by its founder. [p. 220]

MONTAGU NORMAN, Governor of the Bank of England, is one of Europe's most successful mystery men. Except for his brief annual address to his shareholders few have ever heard him speak. The radio talk reprinted on page 225 gave valuable information on Bank history and routine.

THE German people are constantly forced to contribute to the official Winter Aid Funds or else. . . . Anthony Mann, special German correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, explains how that vast machinery works. [p. 228]

FROM all corners of Great Britain's various possessions come complaints against their mother country. George Edinger, a British journalist, traveling in Canada, reports that that Dominion's vanity has been hurt by its mother country's seeming lack of interest [p. 232]; while T. W. Lodge, a former member of the Commission of Government, appointed in 1934 to set Newfoundland's house in order, has become convinced that the situation there is getting worse rather than better. [p. 235]

BERTOLT BRECHT is known to most of our readers through the brilliant little play 'The Informer,' which we published last September. 'Yes, I'm Going Away' is another one of his brief plays showing the effects of Hitler's régime on the individual. [p. 238]

THE problem of Palestine has not yet been solved, despite the long drawn-out Conference in England. Lady Tegart, wife of the British administrator in Palestine after whom the Tegart Wall is named, believes that many social problems could be solved if people would utilize the successful experiences of the Jewish settlers in Palestine. [p. 250] Rudolf Olden, author of

(*Continued on page 300*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4472*

The World Over

IN THE PAST MONTH the democracies of Europe have gained little, and have lost a great deal. There has been much tumult and shouting, with Great Britain loudly beating the drum for an anti-Nazi bloc. Meanwhile, behind the scenes, the pro-Nazi groups quietly continue to have their way. France is now under the tight grip of a stringent dictatorship; a dictatorship that may, at any moment, clamp down on the people and the press, already heavily censored. In Great Britain there seems to be a general confusion about the exact issues at stake, a confusion, it should be noted, that has been deliberately fostered by Mr. Chamberlain.

With a loud fanfare of trumpets England has been publicly wooing Poland, Russia, and the Danubian countries in an attempt to forge an anti-Nazi chain about Germany. In actuality and fact, however, England has done nothing constructive. In reality, she has done worse than nothing. Chamberlain's offer to concede Italy's rape of Albania, providing Mussolini promised to withdraw Italian troops from Spain is probably one of the most preposterous and impertinent bits of diplomatic window-dressing ever presented to the public gaze.

Even sorely beset Rumania, in a more perilous spot than ever following the Italian conquest of Albania, showed an easily understandable reluctance to place overly-much faith and confidence in British aid. There

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is little that Rumania can do in the face of Germany's aggressive plans for economic and physical expansion, but however frail the straw King Carol might conceivably grasp at, that now offered by Great Britain is not an inviting one.

TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, Germany already is in economic control of Rumania. The German-Rumanian Trade Treaty of March took care of the details of that economic domination, and should Rumania show any signs of stepping out of line, the same minority disturbances that were so successful in disrupting Czecho-Slovakia could quickly be brought into play. Of Rumania's 20,000,000 inhabitants, less than half are Rumanians in the strict sense of the word. The remaining ten millions are made up of Hungarians (1,500,000), Germans (800,000), Ukrainians (1,300,000) Bulgars (500,000) as well as Greeks, Turks and Jews. With the recent example of Czecho-Slovakia still fresh in the public memory, the future of Rumania would appear none too rosy.

ALTOGETHER, GREAT BRITAIN has been unfortunate in getting the smaller countries together into an anti-Hitler bloc. Up to now, old jealousies and mutual mistrusts have prevented an effective coalition. A case in point is the territory of Dobrudja, which Bulgaria had lost in 1913 to Rumania, and which has been as sore a point to the Bulgarians as Alsace-Lorraine was to the French before the World War. Until recently Bulgaria has professed anxiety about the five divisions which Bucharest had massed on her frontier, and which, they claimed, were making various unwelcome encroachments into the Bulgarian territory, even attacking the peasants. It was strongly suspected that war materials shipped by the Reich to Rumania were intended for use against its neighbor country. Fanned by German propaganda, these mutual mistrusts are a considerable obstacle to much-needed coöperation. When it is also remembered that Germany absorbs 80 per cent of Bulgaria's exports, it is not difficult to understand Bulgaria's reluctance to enter into the French-British sphere. Only mortal fear of expanding Germany may be able to achieve it.

A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT of Germany's desperate economic position by Dr. Brinkmann, until recently Dr. Funk's assistant at the Reichsbank, was published last week by the *Agence Economique et Financière*, which should guarantee its authenticity. In a recent speech to party officials at Cologne, Dr. Brinkmann said that, owing to the shortage in agricultural labor, 300,000 imported workers had to be paid in foreign currency despite the lack of foreign exchange. He stated further that steel production could not be maintained, though last year it

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was already 1,500,000 tons below the demand. The balance was made up by imports, paid for out of Austria's gold reserves. At present, Germany's chances of imports are completely blocked. Manufacturing costs have risen; prices are four times higher than normal, and the State now pays for one gun what it used to pay for ten. The State takes 5 billion marks out of a national income of 108 billion marks; a proportion that cannot long be maintained. The Reich Budget at present is 6 billion marks short and capital is fast disappearing. These figures throw valuable light on the reasons for Germany's invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, and they make further aggressions appear inevitable.

That Germany is steadily moving toward inflation seems indicated by her latest emergency finance plan, announced on March 24. It is now admitted that both taxation and loans have been pushed to the extreme limit. Until further notice, the Government will meet 40 per cent of its obligations to industry in paper and only 60 per cent in cash. A new type of security has been created for the purpose, known as a tax certificate. Certificates are of two kinds; the first, which are transferable, carry no interest and mature in seven months; the second, non-transferable, mature in thirty-seven months and bear 4 per cent simple interest. The losses which the Reich will suffer in tax revenue will be covered by a super-tax on the excess of one year's income over the preceding years. Inflationary though the plan is, it would be mistaken to believe that the Reich's finances are likely to break down soon. Rather, the Reich expects that given the success of its plans in foreign politics, its future income will easily be large enough to redeem the pledges now given. Only political collapse would bring about an economic crisis. And the heavy burden of indebtedness now assumed makes it all the more necessary for the Reich to carry out its plans for foreign expansion in the near future.

INADVERTENTLY, THE ITALIAN MINISTRY of agriculture has just revealed that, despite the fervent cries of undying loyalty and coöperation with Nazi Germany, tens of thousands of agricultural workers are in a state of incipient revolt against their Axis-partner. These thousands (30,000, to be precise) are the Italian farm-hand battalions sent to the Reich last year to aid in the harvests, since the accelerated industrialization of that nation has provoked an acute shortage of field-workers. On first sight, this arrangement seemed ideal. Italy's peasant-labor surplus would be absorbed and paid nominal wages by Germany, while in return Hitler undertook to send Mussolini a small number of sorely-needed industrial experts.

The Italian workers returned to their homes, after working on great German estates, on the Siegfried fortifications and on other projects, grumbling loudly over the devious ways by which their German em-

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ployers defrauded them of fractions of their pittances. They are not returning north this month with any emotion resembling enthusiasm. The Italian Government, now again sending forth this expeditionary labor army, has obliquely recognized some of the injustices, however, by the issuance of new regulations covering such forced employment. These alleged 'reforms' permit workers to make up time lost because of inclement weather by laboring overtime in the fields—but at no increase in pay. In addition, the Government 'insists' to Germany that its workers be permitted to observe the three Fascist National holidays, a very dubious concession to the worker who would prefer to work. Again, workers are promised wages for piece-work that will be equivalent to the average pay in the fields, but the joker is readily seen: it merely means that those Italians who possess some special aptitude (as mechanics, horse-shoers, *et cetera*) will get no more for their work than the totally unskilled Italian who is set to digging trench-works in the Rhineland. Finally, the German taskmasters are to pay bonuses to those Italian squadron-leaders whose efficiency-ratings are the highest; even the most stolid peasant recognizes that this means the creation of a class of peon-overseers.

Andrea Marabini, writing in the Paris Left-wing Italian daily, *La Voce degli Italiani*, exposes this 'sell' with considerable relish. In his view, the Fascist rulers are guilty of a kind of magnificent effrontery in prefacing announcement of these 'reforms' with the remark that the German marks paid Italian peasants are, when exchanged into Italian lire, helpful in decreasing Italy's unfavorable trade-balance *vis-à-vis* Germany. Ergo: the truly patriotic Italian farm-hand will sweat on German soil at microscopic pay to permit Italy, for example, to buy more American-owned oil from Mexico.

THE SEIZURE OF ALBANIA by brute force added to the widely-held belief that the Rome-Berlin Axis was working according to schedule in the plan to dominate all Europe. The chief assets of Albania are silkworms and goats, although, like Ethiopia, the country is said to have potential worth as a producer of oil, gold, iron and copper. But there are so many bandits in the wild and rugged mountain country that a geological survey has never been possible. Albanian exports of dairy products, hides, wool and charcoal are $1,970,000 annually, while her imports total $6,240,000.

Seizure of Albania, therefore, could mean but one thing—an Italian wedge into the Balkans, from which Italy could either turn on Greece or follow the Hitler technique and encircle and seize the polyglot, war-born Kingdom of Yugoslavia, out of whose 15,000,000 population of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, there are 478,640 Albanians. As 'protector'

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of Albania, Mussolini will be the nominal leader of Albanians everywhere. And, if the 4,000 Italians in Yugoslavia are numerically unimportant, Il Duce can use them as a 'fifth column' in creating discontent among Yugoslavia's 3,500,000 disgruntled Croats. As a further disturbing element in kingdom, there are 497,000 Germans and 470,000 Hungarians who can be counted upon to add to the trouble.

Of great importance to Italy in the Albanian conquest—which the 'appeasing democracies' immediately recognized as an accomplished fact, warning, as usual, that there must be no more grabs—is the fact that Rome has gained the domination of the gateway to the Adriatic by controlling the Bay of Valona. With its nine miles of sheltered water, Valona commands the mouth of the Adriatic and the shipping from Eastern Italian ports as well as the long Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia, which provides excellent harbors for Italian naval operations lacking on the eastern Italian shores themselves.

Best quotation of all during the crisis was that of King Zog, driven into Greece from his capital at Tirana, who not only gave the world a chuckle but dared to actually tell the truth at last. His throne gone, his country vanished, Zog had nothing to lose when he boldly declared:

'There are in Europe today two madmen who are disturbing the entire world—Hitler and Mussolini. There are in Europe two damned fools who sleep—Chamberlain and Daladier.'

REPORTS PERSISTING in responsible quarters indicate the United States Government is seriously considering the more or less permanent establishment of two navies; that is, two separate and complete grand fleets, each having independent command and each organized to deal with widely divergent strategic problems in fields of operation requiring them to patrol or fight, each independent of the other.

The obvious field of operations for these two navies, should they be so set up, is the Pacific and the Atlantic. Although the fact is not being over-publicized in Washington, naval and military strategists are no longer convinced of the invulnerability of the Panama Canal, despite its mighty defense guns and the modern air forces assigned to defend it.

Naval strategists argue that at best the American Navy is always separated on two oceans with the Panama Canal and its maximum width of lock at 110 feet, is the vital link between the two forces. Despite the vigilance of the Canal Zone defenses, a well placed bomb might cripple the Canal for months; or it could be plugged up through the 'accidental' blasting of a ship going through any one of the three sets of parallel locks.

Informed persons say the bi-naval policy was born at the 1936 Naval Conference in London when the Japanese first hinted they intended to

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construct 40,000-ton capital ships or larger. Construction of the big ships, it was believed, would render the Panama canal useless as a strategic naval link, since other nations would be bound to follow Japan's initiative, and it was believed such floating fortresses could not be contained in a 108-foot beam, the maximum for the canal. In any case, a commission of engineers was immediately assigned to draw plans for immense auxiliary locks, and work is beginning this month on our first 45,000-ton ships. The new locks will require two or three years to build; meanwhile the 110-foot boxes of water will have to hold our navy together. The bi-naval policy may be the careful, cautious, and conservative naval strategy Board's answer to these many pressing problems.

TURNING ANXIOUS EYES AWAY from a gloomy Europe, the State Department in Washington views with no less alarm increased Nazi activities in South America. Sensational news from the Argentine of the arrest of Nazi agents in a plot to seize Patagonia has more behind it than the casual observer thinks, fantastic though the scheme for the annexation of the Southern Argentine area sounds. It is apparent that Hitler knew considerable about Patagonia and had direct reference to it when he declared last March that there are large regions in many parts of the world, rich in raw materials, which are under the sovereignty of weak governments, and ripe for the plucking by Germany. And Patagonia has wool, petroleum and other raw materials. Further, Nazi agents had sent Hitler a secret document stating that Argentina had not bothered to organize an administration in Patagonia and that this sparsely settled region was a 'no-man's land,' which Germany should lose no time in annexing.

But oil and wool is not the only prize Germany would have by such a seizure. Off the Atlantic coastal plain of Patagonia are the vital Falkland islands which guard the Straits of Magellan, off the tip of South America. Control of this strategic point entirely blocks the only passage between the Atlantic and Pacific other than the Panama Canal. Britain holds the Falklands as a naval base and one of the most important battles of the World War was fought off the Falklands when Germany tried to gain control of the Magellan Straits. The German fleet was defeated primarily because it was a long way from a provisioning base. Control of Patagonia would remedy this weakness.

WHILE ARGENTINA IS INVESTIGATING the German plot, Nazi agents are working overtime to stir up a bitter distrust in Latin America for the United States. Their base is primarily in Yankee-hating Argentina. Gen. Wilhelm Faupel, in charge of Nazi operations in South Amer-

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ica, and former military adviser to the Argentine, last month outlined the new program of the Reich before the German Academy, disclosing a well-conceived plan to win over the Latin-American States to an alliance with the former mother countries—Franco's Fascist Spain and Salazar's pro-Nazi Portugal, in a concerted effort to 'break the dominance of the United States in the Western hemisphere.'

> The Monroe Doctrine (he stated) is only a claim put forward by the United States for the domination of the Western Hemisphere. The history of that country is one vast catalogue of imperialistic designs upon other people. There is but one danger for South America: the United States! The Lima Conference was merely a grand-scale attack on the totalitarian States in general and on Germany in particular. Pan-America, a cunning invention of the United States, must give way to an alliance with Ibero-America, with Spain and Portugal, with which they have much more in common than with the United States. Franco's victory in Spain renews the bonds between Europe and Latin-America and helps the latter in their fight for freedom from United States' domination.

How will General Faupel bring about this Ibero-American rapprochement? The answer follows:

> Germany must pour as many educators, scientists, doctors, linguists and teachers as possible into Latin America to counteract the effect of the United States propaganda and should begin an intensive campaign by radio, film and press there. Germany wants to live in peace with the United States but we cannot leave unanswered the charges she has launched against us. And anyway, the very name 'United States of America' is an illustration of American arrogance.

IN THE HITHERTO TURBULENT FAR EAST, there appeared a calm that by mid-April seemed to denote that there might be peace, of a sort, in the Orient. The long, undeclared Sino-Japanese war had simmered down and definite plans were on foot to establish a settled Chinese régime. Premier Keïchiro Hiranuma, addressing the first meeting of the China Affairs Council, held out an olive branch to Third Powers, urging them to coöperate in rebuilding a devastated China, in return for which they would enjoy economic equality. But this statement was qualified by the intimation that only those Powers willing to coöperate with Japan's establishment of a 'New Order in East Asia' would be taken in as partners. Obviously this was a bid for American assistance, and it was plainly indicated that the Open Door was still unlatched, if Washington desired to walk in. That the United States would be granted preference over Britain in trade in North China also was indicated by the fact that Tokyo is bitter against London's aid to Chiang while Japan considers American loans to China as merely Washington's cat's paw rôle in playing the British game in Asia.

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Reports from two Balkan states upon which attention is focused today.

South *of the* Danube

I. Alarums on the Adriatic

By Stoyan Christowe

THE vulnerable position in which Yugoslavia now finds herself, with Germany and Italy respectively threatening from north and south, recalls graphically the plight of Czecho-Slovakia only eight months ago.

In the disintegration of Czecho-Slovakia, the Yugoslav Government sees a lesson and a warning to itself. For although Yugoslavia is a kingdom, structurally and racially it is a counterpart of Czecho-Slovakia. Like that country, which was composed of three separate nations and an overabundance of minorities, Yugoslavia is not a nation but a State founded on a *co-nationalist* basis. Its existence is troubled by the same racial problems to which the Czech Republic was heir. And since the collapse of the Czech State, those internal problems have become more critical than ever in Yugoslavia.

The racial and political parallel between the two is one that disturbs the sleep of Belgrade these troubled nights. Consider: the three component peoples of the Czech State were the Czechs, the Slovaks and the Ruthenians. Upon its founding, the Czechs, the most numerous and the strongest, undertook certain obligations toward the other peoples, particularly the Slovaks. Under these obligations, the Prague Government undertook to make Czecho-Slovakia a federative State. But from the day Czecho-Slovakia was established, the country was under the 'benign' influence of the Allied Powers that helped found it. And these Powers had a strong prejudice against the federative principle, believing it a source of weakness in a State.

Without sacrificing the broad principles of democracy, the Czechs built a strong State—by preëmpting control of virtually all power. They did not give the Slovaks an equitable share in the administration and development of the country. With reason, the disgruntled Slovaks launched an autonomist movement, and were continually at loggerheads with the Czechs.

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With the revival of German might, another foreign influence was exercised in Czecho-Slovakia. It was the influence of a clique in Berlin that wanted a defenseless Czecho-Slovakia. And the Slovaks fell an easy prey to this influence. The rest is history.

Is it to be repeated in Yugoslavia? For there the situation is exactly analogous. The three component peoples are the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes. Indeed, for ten years after its establishment, in 1919, Yugoslavia was known as the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Two years before the State was founded, in 1917, at a time when Serbia was overrun by the armies of the Central Powers, representatives of the Croats and Slovenes, then under the Austro-Hungarian Empire, met on the island of Corfu with Nicholas Pashitch, Serb Prime Minister, and signed a joint declaration for the creation—at the end of the War—of a democratic Yugoslavian State composed of the three nations, with the reigning house of Serbia as their common sovereign. But the plan proved abortive.

As soon as the State was launched, the Serbs ignored its tripartite character, precisely as had the Czechs. They even went further. The Serb leaders went to extraordinary lengths to destroy that concept, since it was awkward and would interfere with the domination they craved. They treated Croatia and Slovenia cavalierly, as subordinate provinces, and embarked upon a forceful policy of amalgamating the three peoples and the many minorities into a single *narod*—a nation of 'Yugoslavians.' There is not and has never been a Yugoslavian nationality. The term, meaning South-Slav, is merely generic, applied to all the Slavic peoples inhabiting the Balkans.

The methods and means exploited by the Serbs to accomplish this amalgamation have been the cause of most of the dissension in Yugoslavia. The assassination of King Alexander was an immediate result of 'power' policy. For the Croats and the Slovenes, together with the minority millions, offered stout resistance to Belgrade. They had joined as partners in a triune State and they had no intention of relinquishing supinely their national identities. Moreover, they had good reason to suspect Belgrade's motives and sincerity. Even if it were possible to amalgamate the three component peoples and the heterogeneous minorities into a single nation, still the Croats and the Slovenes viewed the movement as a Serb subterfuge and saw in it not Yugoslavization but Serbianization. In their eyes, a one-nation Yugoslavia was nothing but an enlarged, united and strong Serbia, with the Serbs the overlords and taskmasters of the entire area.

II

Belgrade met the resistance with more force and pressure. It ruled the provinces in Roman-fashion, with military governors as pro-consuls, and with the gendarmerie a potent factor in the administration. There was no civil machinery of any consequence. The Macedonians, not on equal footing in the State with the Croats and the Slovenes, since they were a minority, were bluntly told by Belgrade that they were not a minority but, in racial fact, old Serbs and, as such, not entitled to special minority privileges. However, although told

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they were Serbs, they were governed as a *rayah* (a subject people). So the Macedonians countered with terrorism.

The Croats, organized in their powerful Peasant Party under Stefan Raditch, fought the Serbs with all the legal-political means at their disposal. They believed that through participation in the Government they would eventually persuade the Serbs to honor the principles on which the kingdom was established. Under that illusion the Croats labored for nearly a decade, until 1928. In that year their hopes were dashed. A Serbian deputy, Punisha Ratchitch, stormed into the Croatian group in the *Skupshtina* (parliament) and began shooting indiscriminately. Before he was seized, he had killed two deputies and wounded the leader, Raditch, who later died of the wounds.

In somewhat ineffective protest against the wholesale assassinations, the Croat representatives stalked from parliament *en masse*. And Croatia has not since participated in the government of Yugoslavia. Vladimir Matchek succeeded the murdered Raditch as chief of the Peasant Party. Some deputies, notably Ante Pavelitch, Gustav Pertchetz and August Koshutich, tired of the well-mannered legal-politico struggle, advocated force. They left the country and organized *Ustasha*, with Italy as their headquarters and Mussolini as god-father. They molded their terrorist society after the famous Macedonian *Imro;* and they signed a pact with *Imro* for joint exercise of terrorism on Belgrade. Among their acts of terror was the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles in 1934. This was a dual undertaking by *Imro* and *Ustasha:* the former provided the assassin, while the Macedonian body was responsible for the author of the conspiracy.

But Matchek did not believe much could be accomplished by terror. He and Pribitchevitch stayed at home to face trial for treason. One of them was jailed, the other interned in Macedonia. Matchek was released from prison after the assassination of King Alexander, to whom he had always professed loyalty; but nevertheless he demanded autonomy for Croatia, although within the framework of Yugoslavia. Matchek believed that, by boycotting Belgrade, he would bring the Serbs to terms.

III

Before this, however, Belgrade, in its desire to destroy the tripartite nature of the State, went further. The Croats would not return to parliament. Well and good. In January, 1929, with the support of his generals and the army, Alexander suspended the Constitution and dissolved parliament. He established a military dictatorship that, with slight modifications, still exists in Yugoslavia. He changed the name of the country from the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to Yugoslavia, and as a further attempt toward centralism he suppressed the ancient names of the various provinces and divided the kingdom into nine districts, or *banovinas*. The move was a gratuitous insult to the Croats and Slovenes. He named the *banovinas* after the principal rivers traversing them, with the exception of Dalmatia, which was named Primorska, or Littoral *Banovina*. Thus Croatia became Savska,

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Slovenia Dravska, Bosnia Drinska, Macedonia Vardarska, etc.

The three component peoples of Yugoslavia comprise only two-thirds of the population of 15,000,000. And none of the three represents a majority. The Serbs, the most numerous, amount to 5,000,000; the Croats and Slovenes together number another 5,000,000. The rest comprise the hybrid mass of minorities. Hungarians, Austrians and Albanians number approximately half a million each; Turks and Rumanians a quarter million each; the Macedonian Bulgars three-quarters of a million. Less than half the population belongs to the Orthodox Church, a state institution. The Croats and Slovenes are Roman Catholics. There are, in addition, more than one million and a half subjects who worship Mohammed.

Although the Serbs and the Croats are different peoples, each with their own distinct history, and are divided by religion, traditions, and social and cultural backgrounds, the former having been influenced by the East (Constantinople), and the other by the West (Rome). They speak a common tongue, with only slight dialectic differences. But they use two alphabets, the Serbs the Cyrillic (also used by the Bulgarians and the Russians), while the Croats write in the *Latinitza*. The same differences of religion, culture, traditions, literature and background exist between the Serbs and the Slovenes, the northernmost people of the kingdom. Here again linguistic ties bind the Slovenes and the Serbs, although the Slovene tongue is not so close to the Serb as the Croat. The Slovene speech is, in fact, closer to the Bulgarian, the southernmost Slav speech in the Balkans.

Thus, the three nations constituting Yugoslavia are not so dissimilar that they should not make a successful venture of a state on a *co-nationalist* basis. Besides, the fate of Czecho-Slovakia has had a sobering effect on the Belgrade Government. The internal racial conflicts in that country contributed no little to its dissolution. Belgrade seems, at last, to realize that unity and harmony within the State cannot be forced from above. And now that Belgrade is in a less intransigent mood, there is reason to believe that the Croats will also see in 'autonomous' Slovakia a warning to themselves, and so moderate their howls for 'home rule.' The prospect of an independent Croatia, with the German Reich at its door, is not a cheerful one.

Yugoslavia faces just as acute a danger of disruption as did Czecho-Slovakia. The dangers are internal, and internally they must be remedied.

II. Sparta Triumphant

By C. Vassilikos

Translated from *Clarté*, Paris Anti-Fascist Monthly

GREECE is being ruled by a dictatorship today the like of which she has not known under the worst tyrants in her history. It is a mixture of a National-Socialist régime and a capitalist State of the eighteenth century.

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Its purported ambition is to usher in 'the third Hellenic civilization.' Meanwhile Greece has had to undergo an appalling number of so-called 'reforms' which distorted rather than reformed its essential spirit. There have been changes everywhere: in the administration, education, agriculture, commerce, industry, and even in the Church. The spirit of ancient Athens, so dear to the Greeks, has been suppressed. For that demi-god of the 'third Hellenic civilization,' General John Metaxas, finds Sparta much more to his taste as an ancient counterpart of Hitler's Berlin.

The régime of Metaxas, who is, by the way, approvingly called 'little von Moltke' in Germany, began with a purge that still continues. Naturally, opposition to the régime meant treason to the 'best interests' of the country and therefore merited prison. All officials were forced to declare their acceptance to the dictatorship, a custom that remains in practice. The directors and chiefs of the Ministerial bureaus were called upon to give the political tendencies of their subordinates. All associations, professional and scientific, were dissolved. A great number of officials were forced to resign; many were exiled. But those who have kept their places are carrying on an underground resistance to the head of the government.

It is customary for the employees of banks and large concerns periodically to submit to their directors a certificate drawn up by the police and signed by themselves in which they state that their sympathies are with the régime. This is a sort of labor-permit — without it, it is impossible to keep one's present position or to find another. Even more severe measures have been launched in commerce. Metaxas has inaugurated a policy of planned economy—directed against the interests of the masses of the Greek people and to the advantage of Germany. The German-Greek clearing relations show a complete upset of the balance of trade, since at least 50 per cent of Greece's trade is with Germany. It really is no longer the Greek Government which controls its country's trade, but the German agencies in Greece. They regulate commercial traffic in accordance with the needs and the pace of German economy. For example, American or Finnish customers need not go to Athens as before to buy Greek tobacco. They can buy it more cheaply in Hamburg. The point is that Germany is able to buy in Greece on credit. In exchange, she imports into Greece merchandise whose price is quoted at thirty to forty per cent higher than in the international market. Then Germany re-sells the merchandise imported from Greece at a profit.

As a result, the number of commercial houses forced to close or declare themselves bankrupt is enormous. The Greek Chamber of Commerce, under the pressure of despairing merchants, has recently submitted a report on the situation to the administration, in which it exposes the risks that the national trade is now encountering and states bluntly that the crisis is without precedent.

II

The breakdown of commerce has had its repercussions in the country's industry. It has been the consistent policy of the Metaxas Government,

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which could not count on political support (six months before the dictatorship, Metaxas received only 2 per cent of the total vote in the general elections), to be on friendly terms with the industrialists. It allowed them a certain margin of profit; there was time enough to empty their coffers by taxation afterward. But this apparent amity did not last long. Soon there was a rupture and Hadjikyriakos, who represented the interests of industry in the Government, quit the Ministry of National Economy.

There is no question of social reforms for the benefit of the working-class. Certainly decree laws do exist, but they are never applied. Collective contracts are plastered over the pages of the Government-controlled newspapers, and serve as propaganda for the régime. But in reality, the worker is at the mercy of the factory-owner, who also has had decree laws made especially for him. He forces the worker to sign a contract, according to which he gets so much a day, but on pay day he gets twenty-five per cent less than agreed. If these conditions are unacceptable to him, the only recourse he has is to seek work elsewhere. Social insurance exists only on paper. It serves to explain away the strange omissions in the public budget, which, by the way, are a State secret. An imprudent comment on such a lapse is equivalent to high treason. Economic statistics issued by the Government are completely false.

Education has suffered greatly. The school is no longer a medium of education, but nothing less than a barrack; the classes go through their drills like regiments, headed by professors who might as well be sergeants, and whose task is the constant inculcation of totalitarian propaganda. Normal processes of education have been pushed to the background. Those teachers who dislike the rôle of apostles of the 'third Hellenic civilization' eventually find themselves in prison, or in exile. Frequently, to survive, they are obliged to denounce their colleagues and students to the police. Students must become members of the 'National Youth,' Metaxas's Fascist organization. Metaxas himself controls the Ministry of Public Instruction where he can suppress insubordination. (He now holds five portfolios, not counting the Presidency of the Council, and so commands the majority in his Cabinet.) Every progressive thought of the present and of the past is proscribed. Such authors as Thucydides, Plato and Xenophon have been put on the Index. This is understandable, since in Thucydides one finds such dangerous spots as Pericles's Funeral Oration with its praise of democracy, while Sophocles's *Antigone* is an attack against tyranny. The Government also frowns on Spinoza, Kant, Tolstoi, Gorki and Rousseau. Public and private libraries have been stripped bare by police. Even discussion or criticism of purely scientific subjects is forbidden the professors.

III

Meanwhile, the peasant has been thrown into despair by the agricultural reforms. Debts of long standing have now been 'settled,' but in such a manner that he is completely under the thumb of the Agricultural Bank of Greece. Today the peasant may contract loans only from that Bank, which will only issue short-term loans. If a poor harvest makes it impossible for

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him to pay in time, his house and fields are seized; there are no extensions of the loan.

Nor have the banks been faring too well in the impoverished nation. Wages have been kept static while the cost of living rose due to the increase in world prices and the augmentation of duties on articles of prime necessity. The middle class has been impoverished while the worker lives on bread and a few olives which he can hardly afford to buy, although they are a dietary staple. It seems useless to save money when the State appropriates all savings funds as well as the reserve funds.

This enumeration of 'reforms' shows the systematic policy of annihilation of all individual initiative in the life of the Greek people. Metaxas, it is said, is efficiently aided in the subjugation of his people by the German Gestapo, which has helped to organize his State police. There is no official confirmation of reports that Dr. Goebbels' Ministry has contributed to the fund of the 'special security' police and that secret-service agents are being sent to Germany to complete their training. It is significant, however, that in many Greek police headquarters one finds the photographs of Hitler and Goebbels next to those of the King and General Metaxas.

To this systematic persecution of individual liberty, the Greek people have answered with increasing resistance. Metaxas's unpopularity is proverbial, as well as that of the foreign ideology he represents. The people have shown contempt for the compulsory parades, the popular demonstrations organized by the police and supervised by squads of spies, and for the mass declarations of devotion to Metaxas circulated by the Ministry of Propaganda. On Constitution Square in Athens, where thousands are convoyed by the police to applaud Metaxas's 'historical' speeches, the crowds remain obstinately silent and the few scattered hand-claps by a claque only serve to emphasize their silent hostility. After such 'enthusiastic demonstrations,' hundreds of handcuffed Greeks of all stations in life are seen marching through Piræus on their way to a prison ship.

The people are learning to cope with the ever-present spies. Suppressed news is passed from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity. In spite of insuperable difficulties they are organizing, in small groups, within professions, by shops. It is no longer the political leaders who are spurring on the masses; rather the people themselves, out of their desperate need, are uniting against their oppressor.

Some day soon the explosion will come. The growing indignation of the Greek people will find expression, and Greece will be saved from the fate of becoming Germany's colony in the Mediterranean. But the recent threat from Italy, now entrenched in neighboring Albania to the north, and Britain's hurried (perhaps temporary) guarantee of her independence, may delay a revolution.

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Unless Great Britain's voluntary 'National Service' succeeds, she may have to resort to civilian conscription.

Fiasco *in* Britain

Special Correspondence to
THE LIVING AGE

THE Chamberlain Government is confronted today with the bitter fact that its high-pressure campaign to find 1,500,000 men and women volunteers, prepared to train for national service in anticipation of imminent war, is far from a success.

The Government press, or what remains of it, froths editorially that the National Service Register (launched January 1) is a breath-taking success, that tens of thousands throughout the nation are over-running the recruiting offices daily, passionately eager to undergo immediate training as firemen, ambulance-drivers, wireless-operators, air-pilots, air-raid wardens, nurses and special constables. The voices of Government members, particularly that of Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal, are raised everywhere the length of the land, and over the air, in congratulatory exclamations at the 'extraordinary' response of a united people.

But the Cabinet gentlemen do protest too much.

The kindest thing to say of the National Service Register is that it is far behind the rosy expectations expressed when launched the first of the year. In opening the campaign for voluntary enlistment, Mr. Chamberlain told his countrymen that 'you are anxious to play your part.' Unfortunately it now appears that these confident words, like other memorable phrases uttered by the Prime Minister in recent months, must be eaten by the present occupant of 10 Downing Street. They will not comprise the most palatable dish. For signs are plentiful that the campaign, supported by a propaganda which in extent and ingenuity has exceeded anything employed here during the World War, is very nearly a spectacular fiasco. The hope is that Hitler's current and threatened peregrinations on the Continent may serve to instill a genuine terror into the body politic.

If that change in sentiment does not occur, it looks as if compulsory registration and enlistment for home defense is not distant.

What are the reasons for this rela-

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tive apathy in the face of monotonous warnings in the press, over the airwaves and by the medium of billboards and posters, that an attempt to annihilate England is scarcely a matter of weeks, but indeed of days? The answers are there for anyone in London who listens to what is spoken around him in the Tube, the buses, the pubs and in the streets. And these opinions are not restricted to London.

The most common opposition to 'this National Service business,' as it is often deprecatingly called, is that it is a poorly disguised preliminary to compulsory defense service, *i.e.*, civilian conscription. This is, of course, anathema to that hypothetical creature, the free Englishman. And it is a highly plausible argument. Yet strangely it has seemed to bewilder and insult the Lord Privy Seal who, in a recent 'pep talk' over the radio, said of this argument that 'I just cannot understand it. I can think of nothing more opposed to any idea of compulsion than the plan which has been adopted. What could be freer or fairer than to let people know what are the services for which they are needed, and then leave it to them to make up their minds what they can do? . . . I want to be frank about this.'

There are other arguments in opposition to enlistment, heard here almost as frequently. One is simply that 'I'll have nothing to do with that *appeasement* Government,' distrust of which has increased substantially, of course, since March. Still another is that the National Service Guide, which in booklet form has been placed in the hands of every adult, does not offer employment for individual talents—the bookkeeper sees no very compelling reason why he should devote his scant leisure to learn efficient methods of removing 'all traces of dangerous and persistent gas from streets, vehicles and buildings.' The schoolmaster, not altogether without logic, is offended by the suggestion that he would make a likely candidate for training as a member of a demolition-party, for which Oxford has scarcely conditioned him. And in the lower strata, this persuasive argument may be heard: 'If the blarsted Government can afford to pay the unemployed for doing nothing, they can afford to pay me at dole rates for doing work for the nation. Miserly, I calls it.'

II

Perhaps in part to lessen the apathy that prevails in many quarters, the Government recently has adopted a policy that is one-third disarming frankness and the rest dissimulation. This policy would seem to date from about the time that the Labour Ministry made the damning revelation—surely inadvertently—that in the first half of February only 38,000 of Greater London's 8,000,000 population had volunteered, despite the very real threat from abroad. Sir John Anderson, the chief propagandist of the National Service campaign, admitted frankly at that time that 'we have got to do a great deal more before we have finished our task.' Elsewhere the confession was made by officials that results could be definitely more encouraging in the case of the Regular Army, in immediate need of 20,000 men, in the Territorial Army, requiring a like expansion, an identical number for the Supplementary Reserves, thousands for the Mercantile Marine War Reserves, at least 14,000

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in the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, 14,000 women ambulance-drivers for London alone, and a minimum of 250,000 more for the multiple services in the Civil Defense, or the National Service.

How effective this somewhat dangerous policy of frankness will prove, if persisted in, is anyone's guess. But it is an ancient maxim of the law that, in defending a prisoner charged with murder, counsel mentions everything but murder. Perhaps it might have been a wiser policy had the Government consistently maintained the bluff that its campaign was proving a phenomenal success, rather than to have vacillated between that fiction and one of facing the brutal truth.

III

These scattered admissions of failure have led to speculations here that the Government is sabotaging its own campaign. The hypothesis is thought-provoking, although it remains thus far without factual basis. But one hears the query: What possible motive is behind these discouraging confessions of the Government? The cynical answer that Messrs. Chamberlain, Anderson, *et al*, are building a pretext that will permit them to appeal despairingly to Parliament for compulsory civilian conscription.

The fact is that the Government could make out a good case for such conscription. As recent in English history as 1907, conscription remained on the statute-books, and military conscription was revived, of course, during the World War. As far back as 1802, when the Levy *en masse* was enacted, the Government was authorized to conscript all men from 17 to 55 capable of military service or of duty as special constables at home. There are any number of precedents in English law. Apart from such citations, the Government would need no eloquence to stress the emergency now existing, and it could point to the slowness with which the Air Raid Precaution program has advanced without civilian conscription. Finally, it might emphasize the disagreeable fact that Hitler was enabled to seize Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Memel largely because of munitions, ordnance and home defenses produced by compulsory or conscript labor in Germany.

The unhappy fact seems to be that English men and women look askance at the National Service Register because they have found Mr. Chamberlain sometimes too devious for their own safety. L. M.

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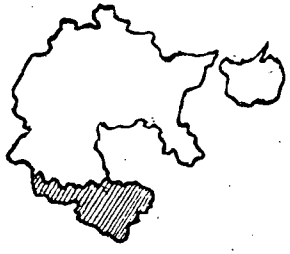
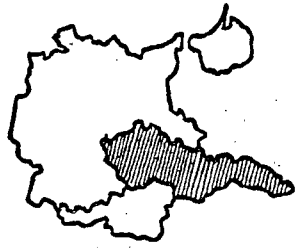
Deutschland Über Alles

SPRING 1938



AUSTRIA

AUTUMN 1938



CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

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HUNGARY

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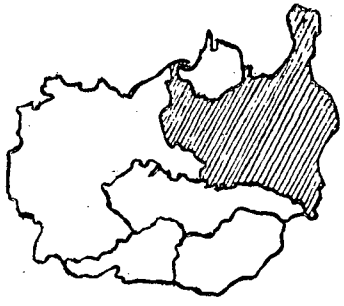

POLAND

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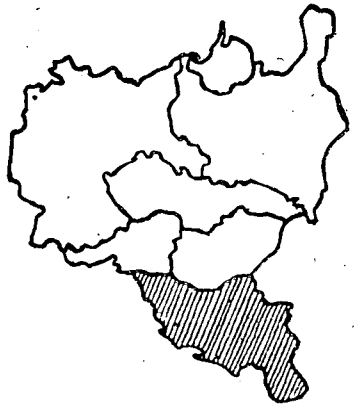
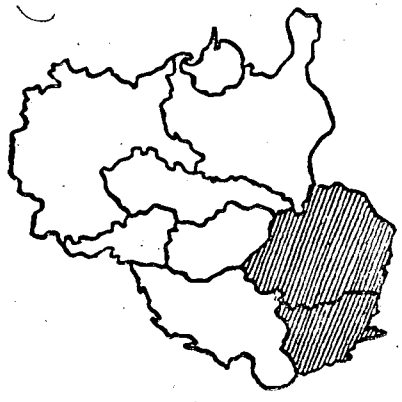


YUGOSLAVIA

AUTUMN 1940



RUMANIA and BULGARIA

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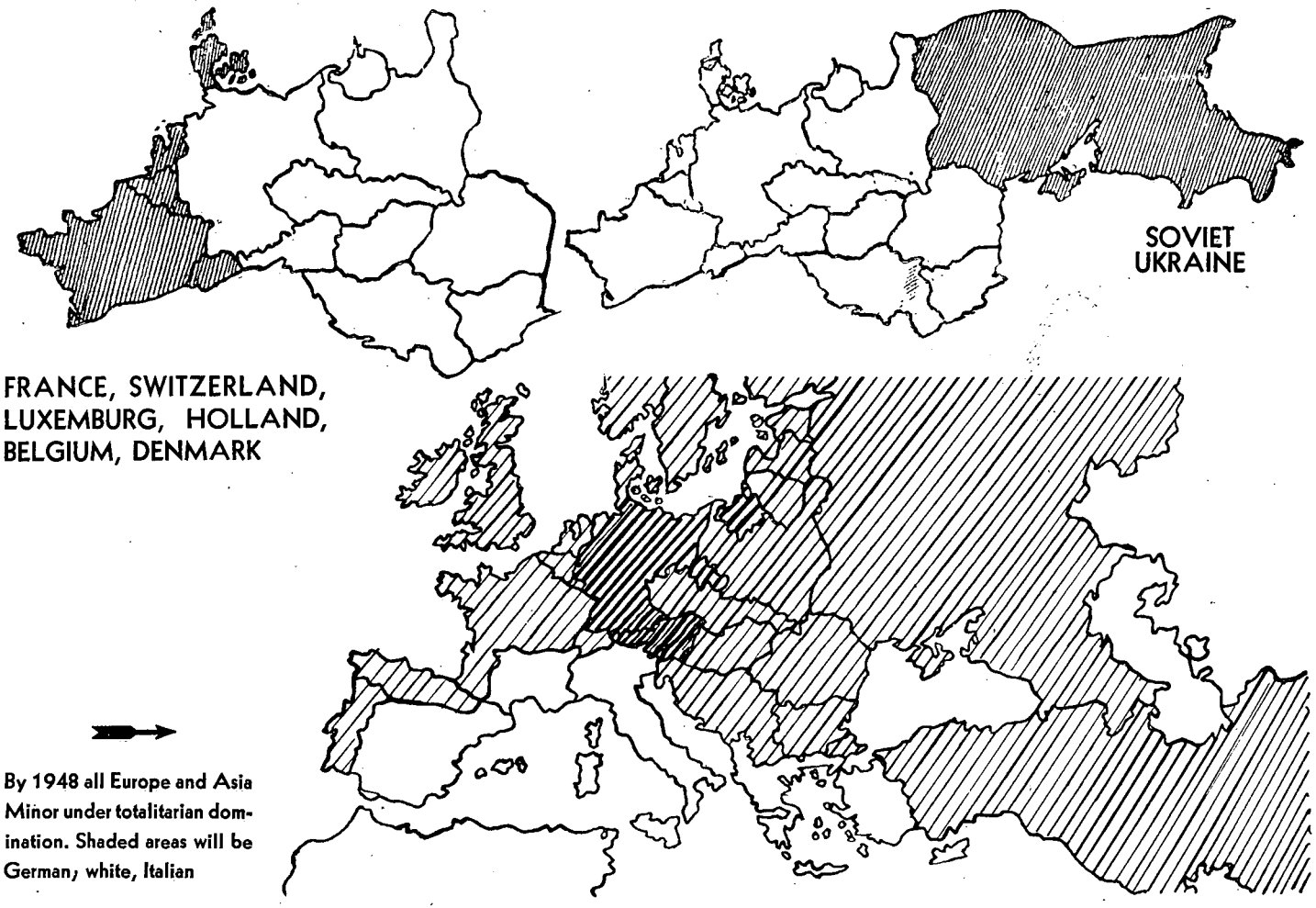
SOVIET
UKRAINE
FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,
LUXEMBURG, HOLLAND,
BELGIUM, DENMARK
By 1948 all Europe and Asia Minor under totalitarian domination. Shaded areas will be German, white, Italian

This is a copy, with English titles, of a map that was circulated through Czecho-Slovakia a few days before the Munich crisis. It indicates rather plainly Hitler's plans for the next ten years. Some of them are, of course, already realized.

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A French and a British institution have survived since the 17th century; a German one is of a much later date.

Hope, Faith, Charity

I. France's Forty Immortals

By Henry Bellamy

Condensed from *Crapouillot*, Paris Topical Monthly

THE French Academy, affectionately called 'the old lady on 23 Conti,' is a very old lady indeed. It was founded by Richelieu exactly three hundred years ago, in 1639. The imperious Cardinal, who had more of a liking than a talent for literature (most of his writings were ghosted), evidenced further the God-like attributes praised in him by his sycophants by creating forty 'Immortals,' who were to perpetuate themselves through the ages. It was his way of mobilizing the intellectual elements as another weapon against his enemies. Some analogy may be seen to Hitler's policy. His Eminence fondly fancied himself a writer and a protector of literature, just as Hitler believes himself to be a painter and a protector of the arts. The list of the 'Immortals' was rather mediocre and particularly noted for its ommissions. Descartes was left out, and so was Corneille, the success of whose *Cid* after his rejection by the Academy the great Cardinal could never forgive.

The rather mediocre standard of the 'Immortals' was consistently maintained through the centuries that followed, the present not excluded. Many lights of the French literary world had to be content with only the mythical 'forty-first chair,' bestowed by popular opinion upon the geniuses who could not get into the Academy. The list of the latter is long and the names impressive enough to create a much more distinguished assembly. Among them are Molière, whose being an actor automatically excluded him from the Academy, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Racine, Diderot, Mirabeau, André Chenier, and later, Stendhal, Flaubert, Gautier, Baudelaire, Michelet, Verlaine, Mallarmé, the brothers Goncourt and other illustrious 'nonentities' of the same stature. The Academy, however, always happily numbered in its ranks members of nobility, the clergy and the Army. Of course, the pretext of literary merits

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was usually kept up. A case in point was that of a certain general whose sponsor discoursed long and earnestly at his induction upon the superior style of his dispatches.

The brand of mediocrity has persisted through the ages. The French Academy boasts of its uniformity. There is something in the entire atmosphere beneath the sacred Dome that forces the most independent spirits into hushed conformism. Duhamel, Mauriac and the hoary but shrewish Léon Daudet, once in the Academy, harmonize like so many choir boys. Richelieu wanted his Academicians to be equal, but the process of equalization has tended to depress rather than elevate the level. One well known newspaperman, when entering the editorial office of the *Temps*, used to say: '*Messieurs, soyons emmerdants*—gentlemen, let's be damned bores.' This motto could well be inscribed on the entrance of the Academy.

There is even a characteristic Academic style, apparent in an 'Immortal's' speech as well as in his writings. The phrases are balanced, elegant and sonorous—but lifeless. There are no grammatical faults—it was seriously discussed once that members of the Academy should take an oath not to use any words outside of the dictionary—but after being exposed to it for a while one is somehow left with the feeling of frustrated irritation.

In short, the Academy is a salon with a certain social and literary *cachet;* even a rebellious newcomer, flattered by the proximity of the aristocrats, is only too eager to forgive them much and to mold himself as soon as possible in their image.

The make-up of the Academy is preponderantly Rightist. The 'opposition' is only a little less conservative than the hide-bound reactionaries. No progressive novelist has a chance to get in. The four journalists inscribed on the roster of the Academy are all correspondents of the Right press—*Action Française*, *Figaro*. Not even in the wildest flight of imagination can one see a correspondent or an editor of the *Populaire*, for instance, among the Immortals. Incidentally, the present panel consists of two scientists, two priests, four of the military, one Minister, one diplomat, nine historians, one philosopher, twelve novelists, four journalists, one artist, two playwrights and one poet—M. Paul Valéry, whose election, in view of the Mallarméan character of his work, appears in an aspect of atonement for the many impressionist poets blackballed by the Academy.

II

The Academy has listened unmoved to streams of abuse from many quarters. Many, like Alphonse Daudet, refused to become candidates. Daudet used to say: 'It is really very unimportant, whether you are a member of the Academy or not. It is much more important whether you write good or bad books.' His son, Léon Daudet, together with Charles Maurras (both now among the Immortals), wrote virulent attacks on the Academy, sparing personalities as little as they did the entire character of the Institution.

To this flow of invective, the Academy has at least one incontrovertible reply. It has seen too many of its most virulent foes end by humbly suing for

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admittance. As Fontenelle wrote once:

Quand nous sommes quarante, on se moque de nous;
Sommes nous trente-neuf, on est à nos genoux.

(When we are forty, we are derided, when thirty-nine, adored.) And many have been left outside after trying for it their whole lives. Balzac, for example, was never admitted. Daudet, in his novel *L'Immortel*, which exposed the Academy racket, explains the reasons for his failure to get in by quoting a typical Immortal: 'Balzac! But do you know him? Do you know, Monsieur, of whom you are speaking? He stands for disorder, for the *bohème*. He is a man who has never had twenty francs in his pocket. I happen to know that from one of my dear friends. And you want him to be admitted to the Academy!' Victor Hugo was a candidate five times and was blackballed four times in favor of literary nobodies before he was elected.

And yet, in spite of these rebuffs, there are few writers who have not passed through the attack of the so-called *fièvre verte*—green fever—the insane obsession to don the Academician's green uniform. One candidate writes about it: 'Do you know what the green fever is? It is a strange malady that one may catch while taking a walk on Thursdays on the Pont des Arts between two and five o'clock, where one can meet at that time venerable men who, although at the first glance they look like simple mortals, are neither simple nor even mortal, for they are the Academicians. If the coat of one of those exalted beings brushes yours, if his eye meets yours with an air of slightly sneering *bonhomie* and condescension, if graciously he tells you, pointing to a certain dome in the distance: "Well, when will you be one of us?" you are lost.'

What it means in time wasted running after the surviving Immortals with pleas to be given the place vacated by the defunct one, in humiliation and vain expectation, only a candidate can know. After getting the green fever, the candidate immediately writes a letter to the permanent secretary. Anatole France used to insist that his letter had only four mistakes in French. Then the visits begin. They are really forbidden by the rules, since the works of the candidates should be judged impersonally, but they have become a part of tradition.

When Alfred de Vigny made his traditional visit to one of the old-timers, Royer-Collard, the visit almost ended with a scandal. The grumpy old man told him that he had not the slightest chance. Vigny, who was already very much annoyed by being received in the hall, asked him rather sharply how he could judge a candidate's chances without having read a line of his works. 'Monsieur,' said the old man, 'I have not read anything for thirty years. At my age, one can only re-read old authors.'

'Then how are you able to vote in the Academy?'

'How I vote? That is my affair. I go there, and I cannot tell you how I vote, but I vote.'

III

What does a new member do after he has made the traditional speech about his eminent predecessor and has

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been duly accepted into the bosom of the Academy? The activities of Academicians, outside of much complacent self-adulation, are minimal and very boring.

The rules of the Academy, drawn up by Richelieu in 1635, required that the Immortals' time be occupied with the composition of a dictionary of the French language, a grammar and a historical dictionary. The dictionary really exists. It comes out twice or three times a century. With all due respect to the labors of the authors, who must begin emending the first volume the minute they are through with the last, the dictionary is not the best of its kind. It is badly organized, superannuated and is of real use perhaps only to philologists, who can trace in it the changing tendencies since its inception; for example, the growing prudery as apparent in the ever more coy definitions of words like *love*, or *cuckold*. The grammar finally came out in 1932 and caused a veritable scandal when the experts found, upon reading it, that it was remarkable only for the profusion of grammatical errors in it. As for the historical dictionary, its first volume, ending with the word *actualité*, saw the light of day in 1865. The second volume came out thirteen years later. It was estimated that at this rate, unless the Academicians changed the tempo of their work, the last volume will come out in the year 4855.

They meet for these arduous labors once a week, on Thursdays, and spend an hour on them. They are not paid for it. However, according to another of Richelieu's rules, every Academician gets a certain set sum, whenever the Academy meets for 'business.' Those present divide among themselves the award of those who do not bother to attend, and since attendance is lax, they are usually able to collect a considerable sum apiece. There was a time when one Immortal cleaned up considerably. That was the Permanent Secretary of the Academy, Suard, who alone came to a meeting on January 21, 1793, the day of the execution of Louis XVI. He collected the honoraria of all his colleagues.

The Academicians get a small pension of five thousand francs. Membership in the Academy is valuable not for the remuneration, but for the glory, as expressed in the right to wear the green uniform and the tricorne with feathers—not to mention the many invitations to luncheons and dinners. Academician Labiche, at a formal dinner to which he had been invited, was asked by someone whether he did not feel that his pension was too small. He replied, pointing to his plate: 'Yes, but at least one is sure of a meal.'

IV

Every year the Academy distributes a number of prizes, which are mostly made up from the interest on the legacies left to it. The general public knows about the bigger prizes such as the Prix Gobert, 10,000 francs, the Prix Brieux, 30,000 francs, or the Grand Prix de littérature, 20,000. These prizes, unfortunately, usually go to the well known writers. It is not consistent with the spirit of the Academy to foster new talent. There are also smaller prizes which are distributed by the Academy in a rather disorderly manner and without fulfilling the conditions attached to them, sometimes because these conditions simply cannot be fulfilled. These literary

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premiums have become a sort of subsidy that the Academicians periodically give to their protégés and admirers.

There is a rather amusing story about a certain poetess, Louise Collet, a lady of literary tendencies, who flourished during the Third Empire and was said to have 'contributed much to the personal happiness of many writers.' One day she remembered that she had neglected to submit her contribution to the Academy and risked losing her yearly award. That evening she was visited by Flaubert and Bouilhet, to whom she confided her plight. After finishing the cognac, they set to work. Flaubert picked up a book, opened it at random, and coolly dictated two hundred lines from Lamartine. Nobody knew the difference and Louise Collet got her prize, with many congratulations.

The Academy has also distributed prizes for 'virtue,' to the tune of six million francs a year. The virtues praised seem to be of a conservative kind, in accordance with the general character of the Academy. There is the Prix Beausse (5,000 francs) 'for a big family raising its children in the Christian faith.' There is the Prix Peyrard-Beaumanoir (1,500 francs) which is destined for 'old servants of at least sixty years of age who have stayed with the same master for twenty years and have received only modest salaries.' Some of the conditions for the prizes show downright aberration, such as the Prix Charreyre-Conart (600 francs) 'to go to a daughter of a superior officer who finds herself without reserves and is not able to obtain a concession for a tobacco store from the Government,' or the Prix Alexandre Darracq, to be bestowed upon 'a young Frenchwoman, born in a high position, whom the reverses of fate have forced to work, and who would prefer a life of honorable and honest poverty to a life of opulence at the expense of her honor;' the Prix Guzman (100,000 francs) 'to be given to whoever will find the means of communicating with any planet other than Mars, which by this time has been sufficiently explored.'

This game of awarding so-called literary awards is not as innocent as it seems at first glance. The prospect of getting a monetary award causes a candidate to write with that prize in view and to change the form and substance of his work to conform with the demands of the Academy. This explains the annual crop of undistinguished, mediocre compositions calculated to please a Marcel Prévost or a Louis Gillet.

V

As is customary with old ladies, the Academy is not only rich but also miserly. It gets all the income from the Chantilly estate, willed to it by the Duke of Aumale, amounting to half a million francs yearly, not to mention many other legacies. Investigation showed that since the War, out of that income only four pensions, amounting in all to 12,000 francs, have been created.

Twelve thousand francs out of half a million! What does the Academy do with the rest of the money? It salts it away in *rentes*. The Academy has something like 1,200,000 francs of State bonds, thus immobilizing the liquid fund whose purpose was entirely different. When this was found out, there was a considerable scandal.

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stance, an article entitled *Who Gets Assistance from the Winter Relief Fund?* This article declares:—

> Those who are regarded as in need of practical assistance for the purposes of the W.H.W. include unemployed, persons receiving relief, war-wounded and war widows and orphans, persons with small invested savings and receiving additional relief, and persons at work, who nevertheless earn insufficiently to enable them to cover from their income the increased cost of living during the winter.

It is added that the dependents of army and Labor Corps conscripts are also assisted during their period of service, and that 'needy foreigners are helped, without distinction of race or nationality, if they show themselves worthy by their attitude toward the German Reich.'

This list, given by a paper like the *Angriff*, is of considerable importance. There can be no doubt whatsoever that by far the greatest number of persons receiving assistance from the W.H.W. are in the category mentioned inconspicuously—those who 'earn insufficiently' to enable them to exist without supplementary help during the winter.

First place in its list, however, is given by the *Angriff* to the unemployed. It is of some interest to note in this connection that the amount collected by the above methods by the W.H.W. over a period of five winters has increased as steadily as unemployment has been reduced.

For example, during the winter 1933–34, when unemployment was about 3,500,000, nearly $150,000,000, or approximately $9.00 per head, was spent on over 16,500,000 persons. During the winter of 1937–38, when the average unemployment was approximately 1,000,000, $175,000,000, or nearly $20.00 per head, was spent on about 9,000,000 persons. The number assisted was equivalent to nearly nine times the number of unemployed, including those temporarily unemployed for short seasonal periods.

One may assume that, with the exception of staff and running costs, the whole of the money collected by the W.H.W. is devoted to 'charitable' purposes, for, despite persistent rumors to the contrary, there is no tangible evidence that this is not so.

The huge annual sum of $175,000,000 collected by the W.H.W. is necessarily a severe drag upon trade and industry, and as such a braking influence on the tempo of the Four-Year Plan. In effect, the levies of the Fund are a form of 'semi-invisible' taxation on all firms and businesses which are able to pay their way.

Prominent among the persons assisted with foodstuffs, clothing, coal and similar goods are the men employed by the State to work on the Western fortifications, the Reich motor highways and other national undertakings. The wage levels paid to these men are so low that their families would inevitably starve if assistance were not forthcoming. Industry and business, therefore, are taxed to provide a compensation fund from which the Reich can subsidize the workers who are unable to eke out an existence on the wages paid by the State. It is the task of the W.H.W. to act as tax-gatherer.

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Great Britain is having trouble with her possessions in the Western Hemisphere: Canada threatens to 'go American'; Newfoundland faces bankruptcy.

Britannia's Stepchildren

I. Canada Feels Neglected

By George Edinger

From the *News Chronicle*, London Liberal Daily

CANADA has a grievance against us. I knew why the moment I set foot in Quebec at Wolfe's Cove, which the French Canadians, for whom history stopped with Wolfe's capture of Quebec in 1759, insist on calling the Wolf's Cove.

I'm afraid poor Wolfe gets a poor show in present-day Quebec, where so much is done to keep green the memory of the old France that went before him. I found French books and magazines on sale everywhere, along with the latest newspapers from France, but I could not buy an English book in all Quebec.

I saw advertisements for lectures and debates on French politics and French painting. I was invited to a discussion on the French classic drama.

I expressed surprise to two gentlemen I lunched with at my hotel, Monsieur Mackintosh of Levis and Monsieur Macgregor of Quebec. Neither Monsieur Mackintosh nor Monsieur Macgregor could speak a word of anything but old-fashioned French. Their ancestors had fought with Wolfe's Highlanders, but the country absorbed their families and now there is nothing Scots about them but their names.

Yet I managed to make them understand me when I asked whether this *ancien régime* atmosphere pervaded the Dominion outside of Quebec province as well.

'Oh no,' said Monsieur Macgregor reassuringly, 'You will find it altogether American.'

Meanwhile, the citizens of the half of Canada that is of British stock (it surprised me to find the proportion is little higher than it is in the United States) feel bitterly that so little is

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done to encourage their struggle for the ideas and conceptions on which the Imperial connection depends.

They are chiefly bitter because, they say we do not understand them; do not appreciate the kind of help they look for. When an earnest young English politician started to talk tariffs and Empire preference in the train to Montreal, an elderly Scots Canadian lady told me it was like offering them a tip for having hurt their feelings.

II

Rather unexpectedly an Ottawa business man assured me, over the dining car table, that a permanent English Repertory Company in the Dominion would do more for the British connection than all the tariffs ever devised.

'Why do you imagine we import twice as much from the States as we do from Britain, although you take far more of our exports? It's not because of tariffs. They're all the other way. It's because we've started thinking American. American films have done it, and American magazines and the American tourists. They know our problems and bother about them and like to come to our country and welcome us into theirs.'

'Why don't you ever write us up or read about us unless we're raising Quins or passing padlock laws?'

'Why slang us for letting Quebec go Fascist when it's 80 per cent French and the clericals work overtime, while there's not a Britisher will so much as bother to come over and give a talk on British ideas or British history.'

'See here! Every British Canadian visits the old country once at least. Does any Englishman come to Canada unless he has to?'

I noted down remarks like these as they were made to me in buses and trains and steamers. I tried to argue that few Englishmen could afford the time and money for the journey. They said, 'Well, it's just as far for us, isn't it?'

'No, no, my friend, that won't do,' said an elderly French lawyer, one of the few pro-British and liberal-minded French Canadians I met. 'Does not every Englishman, from Anthony Eden to Bernard Shaw go to New York and for the most part to Hollywood as well? And does any one of them trouble to go by way of Montreal, although it's just as quick and a much shorter sea passage?

'Admit that, unlike so many Frenchmen and Americans, your countrymen are not conscious of Canada.'

'But there's so much to see in Canada,' people said to me, 'It's not just paper mills and canning factories.'

And they talked of their 12,000 square miles of national reserves set there to teach the world how to keep a country beautiful; of the way they just saved the bison from extinction; of swimming in the hot springs at Banff set in perpetual snowfields; of flying over lakes in New Brunswick that human eyes have only seen from airplanes; of sailing up the St. Lawrence when a crisp dawn breaks over the thousand wooded islands.

And as the motorbus jolted me toward the American border, I began to think of all the things that we might do to ease this soreness.

I thought of cheap subsidized trips in masses across the Atlantic, and Anglo-Canadian youth camps in West-

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moreland and Vancouver. I thought of group visits between factories and universities; of Shakespeare seasons in Toronto and Ottawa, and study groups and traveling scholarships and visits by people famous and unknown.

But when we reached the border at last and the Canadian customs man, raising his eyebrows over my passport, said: 'British, eh? Well, we sure don't see many of you,' I began to despair lest Canada a century from now should become about as British as Monsieur Mackintosh of Levis or Monsieur Macgregor of Quebec.

II. Small Rations in Newfoundland

By Thomas Lodge

From the *Fortnightly*, London Independent Monthly

THE Secretary of State has stated in the House of Commons that there is certainly no doubt as to the substantial economic progress made in Newfoundland under the Commission of Government. He made this statement at a time when the only two paper mills on the island were working restricted hours for the first time for years, and when the outlook for the cod-fishing—from which at least half the population of the island attempt to obtain a livelihood, miserably inadequate at the best—was blacker than it had been for many years.

That any real improvement in the basic economic situation has taken place is simply not true. Certainly one-third, perhaps one-half, of the population of the island is living under conditions for which it would be difficult to find a parallel outside the more squalid parts of the Balkans—underfed, ill-housed, scourged by tuberculosis and hopeless.

It may be exceedingly difficult to solve the Newfoundland problem; it is easy enough to analyze its main elements. The island has a population of approximately 300,000. There is a national debt of 20 million pounds, and public expenditure is of the order of 2½ million pounds. Each amount is less than half the corresponding *per capita* figure for Great Britain. The bare unqualified comparisons have, of course, no exact value because Newfoundland has, on the one hand, nothing like the accumulated wealth or natural resources of Great Britain, and, on the other hand, no defense or diplomatic liabilities.

There are four, and only four, industrial enterprises of any importance. There are two newsprint mills—one recently acquired by the Bowater interests, and the other controlled by the *Daily Mail*. There is one important lead-zinc mine at Buchans and one very large deposit of iron ore on Bell Island. All four concerns are wholly owned by interests domiciled outside the island. Their value to the island is merely a wage and taxation value. Prosperity may bring an increase in wages; adversity a restriction in hours. Their products are wholly consumed outside the island.

The lead-zinc mine, at the rate of extraction in 1937, has a known life of about 10 years. At the prices of lead and zinc which ruled in 1937 it is a

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prosperous concern. Bell Island has one of the largest known deposits of iron ore in the world. It was for a while prosperous as a result of the civil war in Spain which stimulated the demand for ore. It is an ore whose iron content compares favorably with the Spanish but which has a high silicon content entailing rather special furnace arrangements. Prior to the trouble in Spain, it had not found a ready market outside Canada (where it is used in large quantities by the Nova Scotian interests which operate the Bell Island mine) and Germany. Its extended use in England, apart from the artificial demand created by the Spanish war, is a function not merely of its technical value but also, and perhaps more, of the high policy of the international steel world—a world completely outside the influence of any Newfoundland Government, and perhaps outside the comprehension of the Dominions Office.

Between them, these four concerns provide a tolerable living for perhaps one-quarter of the population. There is a little farming—for 1937 the Commission estimated the total value of the produce at about $3,000,000. There is a little logging for interests other than the two newsprint mills, and there are a few more tiny enterprises.

II

The rest of the population, apart from the merchant, legal, clerical and administrative sections, endeavors to extract a livelihood directly from the fisheries, principally cod-fishing. According to the 1935 census, 35,000 males gave fishing as their occupation and over 34,000 described themselves as cod-fishermen. The latter is probably an untrustworthy figure, as when the Commission attempted to estimate the number actually employed in the different sections, they could only find a total of about 22,000. But unfortunately there is no doubt that at least one-half, and perhaps nearly two-thirds, of the whole population are dependent for their existence on the results of fishing of all kinds. For 1937 the total value of fishery products of all descriptions, at the point when they left the island, is given as $6,800,000.

This is a gross figure, including the material cost of production in the form of salt, petrol, ships and sails, as well as the remuneration of the relatively large merchant and exporting class, which, incidentally, manages somehow or other to lead a life of moderate comfort.

What is left does not and cannot provide an adequate living for 30,000 fishermen. That much is clear beyond a doubt. In 1936 one of the St. John's newspapers gave as its estimate of the value of the gross production of the average fisherman for a whole year the figure of $125, and as its estimate of the value left to the average fisherman when the supplies for his voyages had been paid for, just nil. I myself think that $100 was nearer the true figure than $125 and that the average fisherman ended the season in debt on his fishing operations. Either estimate conceals human tragedy. Today the situation is no better, but probably much worse.

The principal fish item is dried cod, which is a poor article of food sold to poor people in poor countries. There happen to be numbered among its main markets a disproportionate number of countries whose financial posi-

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tion is precarious—Italy, Spain, Brazil. During the last four years a tremendous amount of attention has been concentrated on the machinery of the industry with no obviously successful results. It may well be that further concentration will achieve somewhat better results, but the unpleasant fact is that an industry which only results in a production of a total value of five million dollars cannot provide for 30,000 fishermen.

To my mind a radical transformation of the economic basis of the life of the country is essential. At least five thousand, perhaps as many as ten thousand, families ought to be taken away from the fishing industry, not, maybe, in the sense that their members shall never again fish but most definitely in the sense that their families shall not be wholly, or even mainly, dependent upon the results of fishing.

What alternative occupations are there for these people and what undeveloped natural resources are there in Newfoundland, not in the perorations of political speeches, but in cold fact?

III

The public in Newfoundland has been told so often about the richness of the natural resources of the island that it has come to take for granted that there is enormous potential mineral wealth, the exploitation of which only awaits some sensible decision by the Government. There is no evidence that this is so, that is to say, evidence which, embodied in a prospectus, would have any chance of attracting the very large amounts of capital which mineral developments on the modern scale invariably need.

There are, after all, only a few metals or minerals of which the world uses large quantities. Lead and zinc are represented by the Buchans mine, and it is within my own knowledge that the interests which operate that mine have spared no effort to discover additional deposits, with so far only moderate success. The iron ore mine on Bell Island is apparently being fully worked at present.

There are hopes of gold, which for some years have been investigated by outside gold interests without concrete results. There are deposits of low grade copper-sulphur ores, quite well known to the major interests concerned with those elements, but apparently not attractive enough to warrant exploitation. No one will deny that something may be done to develop mineral resources but one does not need to be a mining expert to realize that, on the present known facts, no government dare place reliance on such developments for the employment of any but a small fraction of the workers of the country.

The inexorable logic of facts points to land development as the only solution. No one, of course, would argue that Newfoundland is an ideal country in which to farm. Its winter is long; it is liable to frosts in almost every month in the year; the growing season is too short for wheat to ripen. But the climate is better than its reputation, and, though wheat may not ripen, most other things can be grown successfully. Sheep and cattle can be successfully grazed. All over the island, but specially on the west coast, farming is carried on, even if a little primitively, and the districts where it is carried on are the healthiest in the country.

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What is needed is a vigorous policy of land clearing, land draining and land settlement. Families ought to be taken away from rocky settlements, where fishing will clearly never again provide a living, and concentrated in localities offering some hope. There is plenty of land which could be cleared, or drained and all over the island there are thousands of families just existing on the border line of starvation in the most appalling conditions of squalor.

Land settlement on this scale is, of course, no easy task; it calls for organization, energy, vision. It also calls for the courage to face unpopularity, for there is no denying that the only vocal section of the community is intensely skeptical about the possibilities and openly hostile to any large-scale experiment.

At the same time, public opinion is becoming more and more critical of the inactive Commission, more and more dissatisfied with the results of oligarchic government. We have seen what trouble the neglect of first principles and the postponement of decisions has brought to Trinidad and Jamaica. To put Newfoundland right will cost a little clear thinking in Downing Street and possibly a couple of million pounds spent over the next few years. Not to put Newfoundland right will cost us our prestige and, in addition, twenty million pounds, which is the amount of her debt we have guaranteed. It is a high price to pay for bureaucratic mediocrity!

The Best Come Last

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, with Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Colin Davidson, and Sir Terence O'Connor, the Solicitor-General, were talking together at Cannes one week-end, when the conversation turned to cuff-links.

The Duke of Windsor stretched out his arms and showed his. They were magnificent, and he explained that they were a present from the Duchess. Sir Terence turned back his cuffs and displayed a pair of links that were simple and good. And Mr. Davidson was wearing a pair which were engraved with his regimental crest.

Lord Beaverbrook said little. But the Duchess noticed that, under cover of the conversation, he was stealthily pulling down his coat sleeves. She called attention to it and demanded that the cuff-links should be shown.

Reluctantly Lord Beaverbrook drew up his sleeves again—and exposed a pair of safety-pins.

Evening Standard, London

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'Character is a question of time; even good ones don't last forever.'

Yes, I'm Going Away. . . .

By Bertolt Brecht

Translated from the German by Ruth Nörden

(*An evening in Berlin. A woman is packing, selecting her things carefully. Occasionally she takes something out of the suitcase, puts it back into its place in the room and replaces it with something else. She hesitates a long time before a large photograph of her husband which stands on a chest of drawers. Finally, she leaves the picture where it is. Tiring of packing, she sits down on a trunk, her head in her hands. Then she rises and telephones.*)

The Woman

This is Judith Keith. Is it you, doctor? Good evening! I just wanted to call and say that you'll have to look around for another bridge partner, after all, I'm going out of town—no, not for very long, but it may be a few weeks. . . . I'll go to Amsterdam. . . . Yes, spring is supposed to be beautiful there. . . . I have friends there. . . . No, several, even if you won't believe it. . . . How you are supposed to play bridge? . . . But we haven't played for two weeks. . . . Of course, and Fritz had a cold too. When it's so cold, you really can't play bridge, that's what I said. . . . But no, doctor, how could I?. . . . Besides, Thekla had her mother with her, too. I know. . . . Why should I think of anything like that? . . . No, it isn't so sudden, only I've postponed it all the time, but now I'll have to go. . . . No, we won't be able to go to the movies together either. . . . Give my regards to Thekla. . . . Yes, perhaps you'll give him a ring on Sunday? . . . Well, so long. . . . Yes, surely, very gladly. . . . Good-bye!

(*She hangs up and calls another number.*)

This is Judith Keith. May I speak to Frau Schoeck? . . . Lotte? I just wanted to say good-bye. I'm going away for a little while. . . . No, there's nothing the matter with me, it's just that I want to see some new faces. . . . Listen, here's what I wanted to ask you: next Tuesday Fritz is having the Professor here for

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dinner. Perhaps you two could come also? Because I'm leaving tonight. . . . Yes, Tuesday. . . . No, I just wanted to say that I'm leaving tonight. It has nothing to do with it. I merely thought you could be there, too. . . . All right, let's say, even though I won't be there. . . . Of course, I know you aren't like that, but these are unusual times and everybody watches so. . . . You'll come then? . . . If Max can make it? He'll make it; the Professor will be there too, tell him that. . . . I'll have to hang up now. Well. . . . good-bye.

(*She hangs up and calls another number.*)

Hello, Gertrude? This is Judith. Hope I'm not disturbing you. . . . Thanks. . . . I just wanted to ask you if you can look after Fritz; I'm going away for a few months. . . . I think you, as his sister. . . . Why don't you like to? . . . But it won't look like that, surely not for Fritz. . . . Of course, he knows that we weren't on such—good terms, but. . . . All right then, *he'll* call you if you like. . . . Yes, I'll tell him that. . . . Everything is taken care of so far. It's true, the apartment is a bit too big. . . . Ida knows what's to be done in his study. Let her go ahead. I think she's quite intelligent, and he's used to her. . . . One more thing. Please don't get me wrong, but he doesn't like to talk before dinner. Could you remember that? I've always remembered it. . . . I don't want to argue about that now. My train is leaving soon and I haven't finished packing, you know. . . . Take care of his suits, and remind him that he has to see the tailor. He has ordered a coat. And see that the heat is turned on in his bedroom, he always sleeps with the windows open and that's too cold. . . . No, I don't think he should harden himself. But I'll have to close now. . . . Thanks a lot, Gertrude, and we'll write to each other once in a while. . . . Good-bye.

(*She hangs up and calls another number.*)

Anna? Judith. Listen, I'm leaving now. . . . No, I must. It's getting too difficult. . . . Too difficult! . . . No, Fritz doesn't want it. He doesn't know about it yet. I've just packed. . . . I don't think so. . . . I don't think he'll say much. . . . We haven't made any arrangements about that. . . . We've never spoken about it, never! . . . No, he wasn't different, on the contrary. . . . I would like you to look after him a bit during the first time. . . . Yes, particularly Sundays, and urge him to move. The apartment is too big for him. . . . I would have liked to say good-bye to you, but the janitor, you know! . . . Well, good-bye. Don't come to the train under any circumstances! Good-bye, I'll write to you. . . . Sure.

(*She hangs up and doesn't call again. She has been smoking; now she burns the little book in which she has looked up the telephone numbers. Then she walks back and forth and begins to talk. She is rehearsing a little speech for her husband. One can see that he is to sit in a certain chair.*)

Well, I'm going to leave now, Fritz. Perhaps I've stayed too long. You must forgive me for that, but. . . .

(*She stops to think and makes another start.*)

Fritz, you shouldn't hold me back, you can't. . . . It's obvious that I'm

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going to ruin you. I know you're no coward, you're not afraid of the police, but there are worse things. They won't take you to a camp, but they won't let you into the hospital, tomorrow, or the day after. You won't say anything then, but you'll get ill. I don't want to see you sitting around here, glancing through magazines. It's pure selfishness on my part if I go, nothing else. Don't say anything. . . .

(*She stops again, begins anew.*)

I haven't told you that I want to go away, that I have wanted to go away for a long time, because I can't speak when I look at you, Fritz. It always seems so useless to talk. Everything is decided anyway. What has happened to them? What do they really want? What have I done to them? Have I ever mixed in politics? Was I for Thaelmann? Am I not one of those bourgeois women who keep servants? And now suddenly only the blondes may do that. I often remember what you told me years ago, that there are worthy people and less worthy ones, and that the worthy ones get insulin if they have diabetes, while the others get none. But I've only just begun to understand it myself, fool that I am! They've shuffled things around, and now I'm one of the unworthy. It really serves me right.

(*She stops and starts again.*)

Yes, I'm packing. Don't act as if you hadn't noticed it these past few days. . . . Fritz, one thing must not be: in this last hour left to us, we must be able to look each other in the face. They must not rob us of that, these liars who force everyone to lie. Years ago, someone remarked that I didn't look Jewish; you said quickly: 'Yes, she does.' And that was right. That was straight. Why beat around the bush now? I'm packing because otherwise they'll remove you as chief surgeon; because they no longer greet you in the hospital, and because you no longer sleep at night. I don't want you to tell me that I shouldn't go. I'm hurrying because I don't want to hear you say that I should go. It's just a question of time. Character is a question of time. It lasts just so long, just like a glove. There are good ones which last long, but they don't last forever. I'm not really angry. . . . That's not true. I am. . . . Why must I understand everything? What's bad about the shape of my nose and the color of my hair? I'm supposed to go away from the city where I was born so that they don't have to give me butter. What kind of people are you? Yes, you too. You invent the quantum theory and allow savages to bully you into conquering the world; but you may not have the woman you want. Artificial respiration—and 'every shot kills a Russian.' You are monsters or bootlickers! Yes, that was unreasonable of me, but what does reason help in such a world? There you sit and see your wife pack and don't say anything. Some listen, and others remain silent. God damn it, I should be silent too. If I loved you, I would be silent.

(*She begins packing again.*)

I do love you. Give me the underwear there. Perhaps it will tempt some men. I'll need it. I'm thirty-six. That's not too old, but I can't do much experimenting. It mustn't be like this with the next country to which I go. The next man I get must be permitted to keep me. And don't say you'll send

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money. You know that you can't. And you mustn't pretend that it's just for four weeks. This will last longer than four weeks. You know it and I know it too. So please don't say that, after all, it's just for a few weeks—while you pass me my fur coat which I won't need until the winter. And don't let's talk of misfortune. Let's talk of shame. Oh, Fritz!

(*She stops. There is the sound of a door. She pats her face hastily. Her husband enters.*)

THE HUSBAND

What are you doing? Are you cleaning up?

THE WOMAN

No.

THE HUSBAND

Why are you packing?

THE WOMAN

I want to go away.

THE HUSBAND

What does that mean?

THE WOMAN

Haven't we spoken about it occasionally—that I should go away for a while? After all, it isn't exactly pleasant here.

THE HUSBAND

But that's nonsense.

THE WOMAN

Shall I stay?

THE HUSBAND

Where do you want to go?

THE WOMAN

To Amsterdam. Just away.

THE HUSBAND

But you don't know anybody there.

THE WOMAN

No.

THE HUSBAND

But why don't you want to stay here? You surely needn't go on my account.

THE WOMAN

No.

THE HUSBAND

You know that I am unchanged. Don't you know that, Judith?

THE WOMAN

Yes.

(*He embraces her. They stand silently in the midst of the luggage.*)

THE HUSBAND

And there's nothing else that makes you go away?

THE WOMAN

You know that.

THE HUSBAND

Perhaps it isn't such a bad idea. You do need a change. One suffocates here. I'll come for you. I'll feel better if I'm beyond the border for only two days.

THE WOMAN

Yes, you must do that.

THE HUSBAND

This won't last much longer anyway. There's bound to be a change. It will all come to a head, like an inflammation.

THE WOMAN

Of course. Did you see Schoeck?

THE HUSBAND

Yes, that is, only on the stairway. I believe he's already sorry that they cut us. He was actually embarrassed. In the long run, they won't be able to keep us intellectual beasts down en-

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tirely. They can't make war with spineless weaklings. The people aren't nearly so unpleasant, if one takes a firm stand. Which train do you want to take?

THE WOMAN

Nine-fifteen.

THE HUSBAND

And where shall I send money to?

THE WOMAN

To Amsterdam, perhaps. General Delivery.

THE HUSBAND

I'll get a special permit. What the hell, I can't let my wife live on ten marks a month. It's all a mess. I feel miserable.

THE WOMAN

It'll do you good when you come for me.

THE HUSBAND

Just for once to read a paper which says something!

THE WOMAN

I've called Gertrude. She'll look after you.

THE HUSBAND

That's very unnecessary. For those few weeks.

THE WOMAN

(*Who has resumed her packing*)

Pass me my fur coat, will you?

THE HUSBAND

(*Passes it to her*)

It'll only be a few weeks, after all.

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Persons and Personages

Farinacci—Mussolini's Trigger-Man

By Alberto Cianca

THE newspaper public on this side of the Atlantic has become either certain or resigned to a belief that Virginio Gayda, the elastic editor of the *Giornale d'Italia*, is Mussolini's journalist-spokesman for the world. There is some truth in this, but it is of more critical import today who is Mussolini's spokesman for his own people.

He is Roberto Farinacci, a heavy-set, swarthy gentleman in his fifties, in physique, posture and operatic gesture the complete Verdi villain; the piercing eye, the thunderous brow, the obstreperous chin of the Duce. Farinacci, a Minister of State whose influence over Italians is far greater than Signor Gayda's fulminations for consumption abroad, is the editor and owner of the *Regime Fascista* of Cremona. Apart from that occupation, Farinacci is Italy's most eloquent advocate of a Roman expansion overrunning Yugoslavia to effect an immediate frontier with Germany. It is here that he comes belligerently into the next day's news.

What sort of man is this archbishop of Fascism? Here, roughly, is the Julius Streicher of Italy, the instigator of a clownish anti-Semitic campaign that has provoked grins even from harassed Jews. The invariable militia-uniform, the riding-crop exercised with a theatrical vigor that neither Hitler nor Göring achieve with conviction—there must be something behind these props employed by a man who has been forcing the mind of Italy into a mold disastrously like that of its Teutonic partner.

Of the triumvirate behind Mussolini, Farinacci carries more argumentative persuasion than either Achille Starace, his successor today as the Party's Secretary-General, or Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Duce's son-in-law, Foreign Secretary, and temporary pro-consul last month in annexed Albania. Farinacci's adult background is not altogether parallel with Mussolini's, but to any lay student of history there is an analogy that adds its strokes to any portrait of the dictator-mind.

Before the World War, he was a minor railroad employee in Cremona. A verbose advocate of Italy's Allied intervention in the World War, by some magnificent deftness he avoided exposing himself to service in the Army. He asked exemption as an employee in the vital public utilities.

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After the Armistice, his somewhat ephemeral war-record did not keep him from joining the demonstrations of hungry veterans: as the alert opportunist, he was behind Benito's heels by inches only. A Fascist Party *ras*, he organized the Fascist *Squadristi* of Cremona, which treated that community to terrorist refinements aimed chiefly at the coöperatives, the labor-unions and liberal newspapers.

AFTER the bloodless march on Rome, in 1922, Farinacci was appointed General-Secretary of the Fascist Party, in which capacity he displayed an even fiercer sectarianism than the Duce. He was then aged 29. When Italian public opinion was exercised over the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti (which provoked Mussolini to genuine tears after the fact), Farinacci sided with the instigators of the assassination, and in one of the meetings of the Fascist Grand Council he argued that Fascism must assume with pride full moral responsibility for that 'crime of State.' Later, Mussolini concurred. That the *Regime Fascista* editor was the sheltered author of that assassinative conspiracy is long since known, as is the identity of the American-born murderer, Dumini. At the trial held at remote Chieti, he defended and exalted the assassins as benefactors of the régime and the nation.

Farinacci lost ground a few years later, and sank to partial obscurity, due to his restless meddling and the jealousies he aroused among other Fascist apostles, chiefly Arnaldo Mussolini, the Duce's brother. He was booted from his post as Secretary-General of the Party. But using the favoritism that the Party enjoyed in every professional field, he obtained a decree in law after what colleagues described as a farcical examination. He then practiced law with the laudable determination to accumulate a fortune. He did—he had a hand in nearly every expensive lawsuit in Italy. In the columns of his *Regime Fascista*, which he founded, he baldly attacked those litigants who chose to do without his oppressive protection, and just as nonchalantly and profitably blackmailed the magistracy.

The Italo-Ethiopian War, in 1935–36, provided him with the opportunity he craved to return to the limelight. He launched a vitriolic campaign against the League of Nations, England, France and the United States. In that 'war'—a fierce struggle that recalls the more recent sanguinary conflict to subdue Albania—he enlisted at its end, after the Paris anti-Fascist weekly *Giustizià e Libertà* had pointed out that he was again urging others to volunteer, without risking his own skin. But in that conflict he lost a hand.

Before the annexation of Albania again set Farinacci afire, with its Balkan connotations of a recuscitated empire, editorially he was greatly exercised over 'President Rosenfeld' and the United States at large. In

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his written opinion, however, Father Coughlin may conceivably rescue that nation from the curse of democracy.

Promoter of Pygmalion

By Stephen Watts

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

A SHORT, swarthy man sat in the office of a Hollywood executive. The telephone rang. The executive listened for a moment. Then he said, 'The man who made it is here with me. I'll ask him.'

He turned to his visitor. 'It's a very high and important American personage,' he said, 'and he wants to know how much *Pygmalion* cost you to make.'

Gabriel Pascal said, 'Seventy-two thousand pounds.' This amounts to $360,000.

The two men at different ends of the telephone then agreed that it was a miracle and that Mr. Pascal was a great benefactor to the film industry, for America alone is paying about five times that sum to see this British film.

That was a few weeks ago, but the extraordinary story of *Pygmalion's* success goes marching on—and the figures go mounting up. Pascal is back in England now, and last week, lying in bed with the hangover of a flu bout, he told me some of the facts and figures up to the moment.

Let's start at the beginning. Pascal worked to a budget of $350,000. He overspent by only $10,000. That did not allow for the payment to Shaw, who chose to take 10 per cent of the gross receipts. He thus stands to make upward of $330,000 for the film rights of a play that had already made him a fortune.

When Metro-Goldwyn took the film for handling in the United States market they gave Pascal an advance of $150,000. That sum was taken in at one theater—the Astor, in New York—in eleven weeks.

As in England, there was doubt in America about how the film would go in 'the provinces.' And, as in England, the results were startling. Metro chose Dayton, Ohio, as a representative town for a trial. *Pygmalion* promptly beat the figures of their own *Good Earth*, *Marie Antoinette* and *Captains Courageous*.

Pascal says he hasn't made a fortune out of the film, but that's because he does not care about money. He says Hollywood used to call him the hobo producer, and if he was a hobo then, he's a hobo now, because he hasn't changed at all. But everybody else made money.

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Leslie Howard drew $1,000 a week while the film was being made, and he also has a percentage of the receipts which will make this the most profitable job of film acting he ever did in his life.

Anthony Asquith, who hadn't directed a picture for three years before *Pygmalion*, is now hard at work and has offers in his pocket from the major Hollywood studios.

Wendy Hiller jumped into the big-star class and had offers on that basis, but she is under contract to Pascal for five years.

Laurence Irving, who designed the sets—and who, Shaw says, deserves a lot of credit—has found himself greatly in demand.

Harry Stradling, the cameraman, has been whisked off to Hollywood by David Selznick to work on *Gone with the Wind*.

It seems incredible that this dazzling success story should have arisen from a telephone call by Pascal—two days in England—to Shaw's secretary.

Pascal, a dynamic little man and one of the most vivid personalities I've ever encountered, went to see Shaw and said, in effect, 'I'm the only man who can make films of your plays. Since my boyhood you have been my hero. You are the greatest man alive today. If we don't sign a contract in five days, I am off to China to make pictures for the Government there, and then I shall make a picture about reincarnation in India. Whatever you ask I'll pay you—anything.'

And it wasn't just talk. He had an offer from the Chinese to put their film industry on its feet, and once before he was in India to work on a reincarnation film, but it was called off by his Hollywood employers. He still has a desire to show them what they missed.

On the fifth day Shaw gave him *carte blanche*—with no payment required except the percentage. 'I t'ink he feel I am deeferent,' says Pascal, understating the case magnificently.

One thing that makes Pascal angry is the suggestion that it's a pity a foreigner should have come here and made the outstanding picture by the outstanding British dramatist.

'Tell them,' he says, 'that only a foreigner could do it. You English, you do not understand Shaw. You think he is a cynic. You do not realize he is . . . he is . . . the great heart,' and he thumps his sturdy, sun-bronzed chest.

'He is the highest spirit in the world. . . .' The chest is thumped again. 'I vibrate with his vibrations in every line. He is great with the greatness of Beaumarchais, Shakespeare, Molière, Euripides. . . . he has all they had put together in one . . . one great heart.'

Once the conversation turns in the least philosophical, Pascal is in his element. (Erudite query arises: Does he descend from the great French philosopher of that name?) Words bubble and bounce from him,

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words manhandled, maybe, but strong and erudite, even though he may plunder one of the many other tongues he knows to find them.

For instance, he vividly sums up the 'only two great artists the cinema has produced—Chapleen and Deesnee.'

Disney, he says, has 'limitless naïvety.'

Chaplin is the 'connoisseur of human weakness . . . . of . . . .'—his eager brown face crumples as his hand searches in the air for the word,—'of *Schadenfreude*.' He means, as near as one can translate, that laughter which comes from us when we contemplate the misfortune of others.

Shaw, he argues, has the greater art of 'ridiculing not only the unfortunates, but also those who laugh at their misfortunes.' Few film producers know, in any language, just what they are getting at as this little Hungarian ex-cavalry officer does.

Now he is going to make *The Doctor's Dilemma* in July. Already his cast looms formidable, for, in addition to Greer Garson as leading lady, Jean Cadell and David Tree, he will have a notable contingent from Hollywood in Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith and Paul Lukas.

But the very important part of Dubedat, the artist, which calls for delicate treatment from the cinematic as well as the acting point of view, has yet to be cast.

It may afford a tremendous chance for an unknown young actor. Mr. Pascal is pardonably proud of having discovered Wendy Hiller, and he proposes to make a round of the theaters and to tour the cities in search of an actor whom he thinks exactly right for the screen Dubedat.

Later he will do *Man and Superman*. He can see only one screen hero for that—Ronald Colman. He has already talked it over with Colman, who is delighted at the prospect and hopes it can be arranged one day.

Pascal does not think *Pygmalion* was a masterpiece. He regards it as the simple Cinderella story with which he could start to persuade people to take Shaw in the pictures.

'I was feeling my way,' he says. 'Now I have the courage. Now I will speak Shaw's language to the masses.'

Hitler's Czech Understudy

By Douglas Reed

From the *News Chronicle*, London Liberal Daily

FEW men in the contemporary world can look back on so varied a career, on such ups and downs, as Radola Gajda—pronounce it Gyeeda—whom Hitler has made Führer of the now enslaved Czech people.

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Twenty-five years ago an Austro-Hungarian soldier. Twenty years ago a Czech national hero. Fifteen years ago Czech general, divisional commander, deputy Chief of the Czecho-Slovak General Staff. Ten years ago degradation, deprivation of his rank, ban on the use even of the title general. Since then, leadership of an insignificant Fascist group.

Radola Gajda was born in Moravia, and in his early manhood interested himself in a National Socialist and anti-Semitic Party which was then active there; its views appealed also to a young man named Hitler, who about that time was living in Vienna.

When the war broke out, Gajda, like many other Czechs, whose hearts were not with Austria-Hungary, deserted to the other side. He fought, apparently with the Serbs, and marched with them when, defeated, they retired through Albania to the coast and took ship.

Gajda wanted to fight with the Russians, and he contrived to reach Odessa to join the Czech legions then forming there. He fought at the battle of Zborow, which counts as the birthday of the Czecho-Slovak army, because independent Czecho-Slovak forces in large numbers first appeared there. Soon, in his middle twenties, he was a general, one of the youngest in the world.

The Russians collapsed, and under the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk the Czech Legionaries were to have given up their arms to the Bolsheviks. But they were out of sympathy with the Bolsheviks and instead fought their way right along the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok—one of the outstanding military achievements of the war—there to embark for France and to continue fighting against Germany.

But General Gajda turned back and offered his services to the White Russian commander, Admiral Koltchak, in his campaign against the Reds. He led Koltchak's Northern Army in its initial victories, but afterwards he quarrelled with the ill-fated Koltchak and returned to festive Prague, covered with glory. In his dwelling there you may still see his 47 orders, among them, his special pride, that of the Bath, his golden swords of honor, the last flag of the Imperial Russian Army, which he rescued, captured Bolshevik flags, oil paintings and valuable gifts made to him by grateful Russian cities.

Gajda was the hero of Czecho-Slovakia. To improve his military knowledge he went to the Staff College in Paris, and on returning to Prague was made divisional commander at Koshitze in Slovakia (now surrendered to Hungary) and later Deputy Chief of the General Staff.

He still had his strong political views; he admired the Fascist system, detested Communists and Jews, disliked Czecho-Slovak democracy and longed for the strong hand. He became unpopular with the politicians in Prague. They suspected him of plans to overthrow the Government by force, making himself dictator.

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In 1927 charges to this effect were brought against him. Gajda denied that he belonged to the Fascist Party. But he was degraded, deprived of his title, his pension reduced, on this count, and on another—that in Paris in 1920–21 he had applied for employment to the Soviet Army, though relations between the Soviet Union and the young Czecho-Slovak Republic were then most strained. This charge was based on alleged telegrams from the Soviet Government to its Minister in Prague which were supposed to have been intercepted and deciphered by the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Office.

Gajda, fiercely protesting the untruth of this latter charge, became a member of the Prague Parliament, head of the few Fascist deputies, and was later elected lifelong 'Führer' of the Fascist Party. His day seemed to be done. Many Czechs thought of him with affection, but did not follow him politically.

Then came Munich, the dismemberment, the swing-over of the Administration, under the shock of these events, toward Fascism. Suddenly a notice appeared in the paper that the former head of the Czecho-Slovak Mission in Moscow, M. Girsa, had informed Gajda that the famous telegrams had actually been forged. Gajda immediately applied for rehabilitation to his old comrade in Siberia, General Syrovy, who was Minister of Defense when the charges were made and was, until recently, Acting President and Prime Minister.

Middle-aged, of good physique, heavy-featured, thick-lipped, with pale blue eyes, Gajda is now hard at work in Prague, obeying the orders of his new master.

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Two observations on the complex social and political problems of Palestine.

In the Holy Land

I. Wealth Without Wages

By Lady Tegart

From *Windsor Magazine*, London Topical Monthly

BEFORE the time of the early Christians, and ever since their successors abandoned the laudable custom of having all things in common, mankind has suffered from the disproportionate distribution of wealth among its various classes. From time to time humanitarians have endeavored to remedy this state of affairs. From time to time the poor have revolted. But such is human nature that all extraneously imposed reversals of a system which caters to the acquisitive instinct in man prove to be but temporary. The leaders of the French Revolution, who naïvely believed they were inaugurating a new politico-economical era, would hardly be satisfied with the fruits of their sowing in France today. The Communist element in Russia laid the foundations of their structure more scientifically, but already they find it necessary to combat the activities of reactionaries; moreover, the liberty of the individual is restricted, inequalities and favoritism are creeping in, and the whole aim of the system—directed toward the establishment of a satisfactory standard of life for the worker—has fallen short of its objective.

It is therefore of great interest to come across groups of men and women who voluntarily combine all effort and divide all gain. This is the system followed by the Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine, which are among the most arresting sociological phenomena of our time. I speak now only of the *kvutzot*, or communal settlements, of which there are fifty-seven in the country. There are even more coöperative settlements of small holders, and a yet greater number of groups composed of settlers living independently on adjoining farm holdings, but neither of these latter types of colony constitutes an original experiment; nor, I am informed on good authority, are they so successful, either from a social or a financial point of view.

The first thing that impresses one about the *kvutza* is the liberty enjoyed by the individual. There are rules he

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must obey if he wishes to remain in the *kvutza*, but if he finds the conditions irksome or distasteful, he is free to leave without penalty or stigma attaching to his decision. There is no rigorous enforcement of discipline in the *kvutza* itself; public opinion suffices to insure that the unwritten laws are kept, while a deep enthusiasm for the principles of living which he has embraced and an almost fanatical devotion to the soil which belonged to his forefathers inspires each member to work to his extreme ability.

Numbers in the settlements vary from under a hundred to five hundred odd, but it has been found by experience that a community of two hundred forms the most practical working basis.

Members hail from countries scattered widely over the globe, with a preponderance of Poles, Russians, Germans and Rumanians. There are a number of Americans and a few English. The strata of society from which they come are equally varied. There are former peasants, mechanics and laborers, rubbing shoulders with university professors, doctors of medicine, artists, scientists, government officials and poets. The work on the land is hard and unremitting, but many men who formerly lived lives of luxury and social activity assert that here for the first time they have found peace.

II

Imagine what it is like to live in a world where money has no meaning. Inside the *kvutza* itself money is never seen. Members receive no wages and keep no bank accounts. All their needs are supplied and paid for by the central fund of the colony. Provision is made for sickness, for the education of children, even for the celebration of festivals and, when it can be arranged, a fortnight's annual holiday for each person. What a paradise after the harassments which beset the struggling family man! Freed from petty anxieties, the worker can concentrate solely on his task.

The secretary-treasurer and committee who handle the colony finances hold positions of great responsibility and are usually highly qualified for their posts. It is for them to determine what proportion of the year's profits should go back into the farming business for repairs, purchase of livestock, plants, seeds, fertilizers and so on, or for the acquisition of land, what can be allocated to the housekeeper for the year's food, what to the wardrobe mistress for clothing. Then money must be set aside so that a given sum can be issued to any member traveling outside the *kvutza* either on business for the community or on his holiday; and there is a budget for small luxuries—toys for the children, cigarettes, musical instruments, books, newspapers and magazines. Quite a large amount, also, is annually expended on supporting the parents or other dependents of members who, for one reason or another, are forced to live abroad.

Besides that, a *per capita* fee is paid to the Jewish Workers' Sick Fund which maintains dispensaries and hospitals throughout Palestine, thus insuring free medical treatment for each member. The hospitals I have seen are excellently organized and equipped and are staffed by some of the ablest medical men of the day. Education is partially subsidized by a small block grant from the Palestine Government to the Jewish Community General

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Council, a share of which is distributed to the *kvutzot*, but the bulk of the cost is provided by each *kvutza* itself.

It is obvious that a wise expenditure of funds must have a great share in determining whether the colony is or is not a success, and for that reason the head of each department whose business it is to handle the allocated money, must be highly skilled in his or her work. In one colony I visited, a girl still in her twenties had been appointed housekeeper. She had studied dietetics and catering in America in order to be fitted for her post. The treasurer and committee allotted her the sum of $25,000 a year, out of which she had to feed a colony of 364 souls, provide special diets for the babies and invalids, and put aside so much for wine, ice-cream and other delicacies on days of celebration. She succeeded in providing her large family with an amplitude of scientifically-balanced and succulent food and in showing a small credit balance at the end of the year.

In passing, it may be of interest to mention that few colonies (only 15 per cent, in point of fact) strictly observe the Jewish faith in detail and therefore there are no particular bans or ritual with regard to the type of food or the method of its preparation. Elderly relatives who wish to observe the Jewish dietary laws are usually provided with their own dining-room and kitchen.

The post of wardrobe mistress is also one of great responsibility. She must have technical knowledge regarding warmth and the durability value of stuffs and their current market prices, besides being versed in the tailor's and dressmaker's crafts. Material is always bought in bulk and all clothes are made to measure. Some colonies, in their enthusiasm to disown personal possessions, at first shared even their clothes in common. When these were returned from the *kvutza* laundry they were placed in a special room and members selected any garments approximating to the right size.

This, however, was soon found to be impracticable. Now, each new member arriving at a *kvutza* brings his own clothes with him and they are marked with his name or number. When they need washing, he hands them over to the laundry. They are returned, washed and repaired, to a special wardrobe-room, where all the clothes are kept on long, open shelves, each individual's pile on a section marked with his or her name.

III

I have been struck by the wisdom of the administrators of these colonies in recognizing the psychological needs of members and encouraging the expression of personality. There is no attempt to weld a group of men and women into a dull, grinding machine. For instance, should a child or adult show real talent for science, writing, painting, medicine or music, arrangements are made to send him or her to a university, school or conservatory either in Palestine or Europe. Again, some of the work of the *kvutza* is necessarily monotonous, and after a time a worker may begin to find it mentally oppressive; to combat this, it was decided that a member might ask for a change of occupation, which should last for a similar period. As a vivacious American girl said to me, 'You see, after working for a time in, say, the baby house or the wardrobe department, some of us are inclined to get

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stale. A change over to dairy or field work gives us the necessary mental "refresher," and we tackle a different type of job with new energy.'

Women are employed primarily in the kitchen, laundry and children's house, but many work on the farm or in the field with the men. The men, in addition to their ordinary duties, have, in these troubled times in Palestine, to provide a watch staff to keep a look-out for attacks by marauding bands, and a defense guard trained in the use of arms. All colonies are stoutly fenced and most have watch-towers equipped with a searchlight. There have been numerous attacks on colonies in recent years. The greater number have been successfully repulsed, but in some cases defenders have lost their lives and buildings or crops have been destroyed.

In the older-established *kvutzot*, the direction of work on the farm is nearly all in the hands of specialists, who, naturally, remain permanently in these posts. The administrators recognize the necessity of having a nucleus of workers trained in up-to-date and scientific methods, and the agricultural colleges now distributed over Palestine partially supply this demand.

The position of the child in communal life is of paramount importance. In some communities the children sleep in the same building as their parents till they are of kindergarten age. In communities where this is not the case, parents and children see each other as often as is compatible with the working hours of the adults and the school hours of the youngsters.

In the *kvutza*, the community is prepared to make sacrifices for the younger generation. The children's house is always the first building to be erected when funds allow of permanent settlement, and every precaution is taken to see that the children are correctly fed, lead a healthy life and are, as far as is possible, protected from mosquitoes and other carriers of disease. In lean days they are the last to suffer from privations or lack of normal comforts. Their education vies with that of any secondary school education in the world. It is continued up to the age of sixteen, and in some *kvutzot* up to the age of seventeen or eighteen. From an early age both sexes learn in addition the elements of agriculture and housework and are encouraged in a sense of communal responsibility for their duties.

A baby born in a *kvutza* where the children live apart from their parents is removed as soon as practicable to the baby house, where it receives every care and is regularly visited by its nursing mother. Toddlers from three to five live in a kindergarten house, and school-children from six to sixteen have their own building. There is a special kitchen and dining-room for all.

All the children I saw in the *kvutzot* were fine little specimens, mentally and physically, and were brimming over with high spirits. Indeed, they lead as happy and healthy a life as is possible for a child, with plenty of companionship of their own age, a variety of interests, wholesome diet and hygienic surroundings and the spice of occasional treats and parties.

IV

The more the onlooker observes the success of this sociological experiment generally, the more he is driven to wonder whether the solution of the unemployment problem and the aboli-

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tion of many social injustices in his own country does not lie in some similar scheme. I do not imagine that the *kvutzot* are entirely free from the small jealousies, bickerings, disputes and rivalries which must always exist to a certain extent wherever human beings live in close proximity; but each, at any rate, is an economically sound and self-supporting unit which provides a full and satisfactory life for its members. And the members remain in it of their own free will.

The casual visitor to an old-established colony such as Dagania A (founded in 1909) strolls down the cypress-walk and finds himself in a veritable Utopia. Here man, freed from worldly worries, toils at his natural labor close to the soil. The scholar and the scientist have lectures and intellectual diversions for their leisure hours, and the companionship of their own kind. The poet and the painter, once the manual labor of the day is over, are free to pursue their arts.

It sounds a simple and inspiring life, and indeed it is so. But it has been built on a foundation of blood, sweat and tears. The first pioneers suffered untold hardships and even now the settlers of a new *kvutza* must be prepared for several years of back-breaking toil lightened by few amenities. The gallant spirit which enabled them to put acres of derelict, mosquito-ridden marsh under cultivation and literally to make the desert blossom as the rose was in large measure a spirit of nationalism, which manifested itself in genuine love and reverence for the land held sacred by their forefathers. But with it was mingled an idealism which saw, in the subordination of the individual for the good of the community, a sound ethical concept—a simple exposition of duty to one's neighbor.

Herein in my opinion, lies the secret of any successful experiment in communal living—the genuine, spontaneous devotion of a group of people to the same ideal. When the Government of a country or any high authority tries artificially to foster such a feeling, or, even worse, to browbeat and intimidate all those who do not acknowledge it, it saps the virtue and vitality of the experiment, lessens its motive power and sooner or later ends its life.

I cannot help thinking that sociologists might do worse than study the working of self-contained communal groups in Palestine. Assuming that we have not finally lost the old pioneering tradition, might not a similar project, if mooted in Great Britain or one of her colonies, attract a number of eager volunteers? And should their enthusiasm prove sufficient to launch and maintain growing numbers of such groups, is there not here a solution to many of the most pressing problems of the day—for instance, the increasingly urgent problem of refugees?

II. Britain Loses a Friend

By Rudolf Olden

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

IT HAS been the tragedy of British policy in our time that it is friendly to its enemies and hostile to its friends. In 1931 it did not stop Japan from beginning her long-range campaign of conquest in China. In 1936 it did not

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prevent Italy from waging war against Ethiopia. It permitted Germany to seize Austria and helped to break the resistance of the Czechs. By prohibiting the sale of arms, it prevented the Spanish Republic from resisting the Fascist attack. And now, it appears that its Palestine Mandate is to be relinquished.

It would be absurd and unjust to British diplomacy to assume that the Balfour Declaration, the promise of a National Home for the Jews, had been made for sentimental reasons. It was by no means an exaggerated love for the Jews which brought about the famous decision in favor of Jewish independence. The Zionists, in their desire to achieve this goal, took great pains to prove to the British Government that it would be to its own interest to make concessions to them. And only when the Ministers had become convinced of this fact—after thorough and comprehensive deliberations—did they decide to make this declaration.

The reasons were quite obvious. It was an attempt to draw the sympathies of the Jews in the whole world, especially of those in the United States, which tended more toward Germany, to the side of the Allies. The other motive, however, was of a more lasting nature: Egypt was slowly drawing away from British domination. A Jewish Palestine meant a new base in the Near East, a safeguarding of the route to India and of the Mossul pipe line.

II

Are the reasons prevailing then no more valid today? It would hardly seem so. Or have the Jews shown themselves incapable of creating a British base—have they failed to fulfill the hopes placed in them? The opposite is true. They have proved a success beyond all possible expectations. They have turned the neglected Ottoman province into a flourishing country; they have shown more unity in the administration of their own affairs than could be believed of so sceptical and critical a race. They have, finally, shown that in the hour of danger they could be relied upon. They have made sacrifices of the highest order. In the face of threats, they have shown a measure of self-control which provoked admiration. In short, they have proved themselves worthy of having independence, of having that Stateship which had been promised them. That it was meant to be a State of their own, that they were not merely to be tolerated as a minority, can hardly be doubted by anyone examining the testimony of the statesmen who played a rôle in the formulation of the declaration.

What could Great Britain expect of the Jews if it helped them, as was her intention in 1917, to build up their own, if not sovereign, at least autonomous, community? Far be it from us to maintain that the Palestine Jews feel love for the British or that the twenty-year-old British administration of the Mandate has aroused feelings of deep sympathy for the representatives of that Government. The methods of the colonial officials were hardly suitable for that. But here, too, sentiments were not the determining factor and would never have become decisive. If the Jews at least saw before them the chance to reach the status of a dominion or at least a self-governing crown colony as a reward for their sacrifices, efforts and labors, then Great Britain could have counted

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more firmly on the good faith and loyalty of this possession than on that of any other part of the Empire. For the identity of interests would have been complete. Great Britain could have counted for better and for worse upon the solidarity of a Jewish Palestine in all forthcoming ramifications.

Today, in the second year of Neville Chamberlain's Government, Great Britain does not want to have this jewel in her crown. Why? Apparently she is retreating in the face of force. The Mufti of Jerusalem, the leader of the Arab opposition, has succeeded in drawing a network of bloody terror over the country. That has not even stopped when its instigator has had to leave. One would have thought that the Mandate Power would have regarded him as an unworthy partner for negotiations. However, the reverse happened. The proposed solution is, on the whole, in accordance with the Mufti's demands. Whatever may have happened behind the scene, it would be difficult to wipe away the impression that here is a direct connection between cause and effect.

III

What, then, is the reason for such action? We can merely observe that the British policy in Palestine is in accordance with its policies throughout the world: to retreat wherever possible, to withdraw from obligations. The Imperial Commission, which had suggested partition and which wanted to maintain control by Great Britain, was superseded by a 'technical commission' which had no difficulties in deciding that partition would be difficult and inadvisable.

Nevertheless, an autonomous region for the Jews still seemed a possibility. As late as January of this year the London *Times* promised in an editorial that Jews (and the Christian Lebanese) would have an autonomous province under British control and guarantees with the right of determining immigration according to their own needs and judgment. The *Daily Express*, however, rudely rejected such plans claiming the British should not waste their good money on the desert and calling upon public opinion to set an end to this waste. It claimed that British money should be spent for the unemployed and not for intellectuals and sheiks. Obviously the isolationist *Daily Express* understood the Government better than the *Times*.

The Government attempted at the Conference to bring about Pan-Arab unity, which, according to experts, is non-existent. And with the help of this so-called unity a situation was created which placed the Jews in a position of a hopeless minority. Whether, once a world crisis arises, Great Britain can count on the Mufti Arabs who have incited the revolt against her administration as it could on the Jews who were ready and willing to defend the country against any kind of attack, remains to be seen in the future. At any rate, if her decision is upheld, Great Britain will have alienated another friend.

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A vivid reportage of an ambush in the mountains and the swift retribution.

The Frappel Pass

By LUCIEN MAULVAULT

Translated from *Revue de Paris*, Paris Political and Literary Monthly

(*This stark account of a desert ambush and its aftermath, by a well-known French writer and participant in its events, conveys with acuteness the taste, the smell and the terrors of that part of the vast sea of sand that surrounds the Anti-Atlas range of mountains in Western Morocco. But this reportage, the facts of which were suppressed by the War Ministry in Paris, would seem to convey more. Although the Government repeatedly assures the public at home that it has achieved the 'complete pacification' of its African empire, dissident tribes are quiet for disarmingly long periods only to strike murderously at their French masters.* 'The Frappel Pass' *is a typical example of Arab terrorist strategy.*—THE EDITORS.)

THAT day I was the solitary passenger in the Tropical Company bus, which was taking me to Tikirt. When we drew near the small fortress at Reghat, the sentry signaled us to stop. He warned that, because of excessive rainfall the week before, the road was in a bad condition. He told us, too, that a truck driven by a driver named Frappel had preceded us by two hours, also going to Tikirt. He was, however, leaving the usual route for a short-cut through the mountains. I learned that this route was not recommended by the Bureau of Native Affairs—it was too near the frontier and consequently difficult to guard.

My driver, Dion, was Frappel's buddy. He turned around in his seat, and asked me what I thought he should do.

'Let's follow Frappel,' I told him. 'We'll be able to follow in his tracks, and that'll make our journey less difficult.'

Frappel's route was not familiar to us, but that day we needed only to follow the fresh wheel-tracks of his truck.

Three hours after we had left the crossroads we began to distinguish the first peaks of the range, seemingly swimming in pools of light. Beyond

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them the sky was of porcelain clearness, with feathery clouds drifting across the horizon.

The sun was setting when we crossed the first mountain pass. Dion looked at his watch. Frappel, who had been two hours ahead of us at Reghat, should by now have arrived at Tikirt.

It was at that moment that, unexpectedly, we sighted Frappel's car, a speck far ahead of us. He must have been considerably delayed—doubtlessly by a breakdown, or some accident on the road. But as we drew nearer, our uneasiness grew. The truck was not moving, as it had first seemed; it was standing still. And yet no living soul could be seen near it.

We drew closer, and still no sign of life. Dion applied the brakes without saying a word. We waited a minute or two, straining our ears for the slightest sound. The shadow of our car, projected before it on the sands, perceptibly grew longer every instant. I shall always remember the tenseness and anxiety of that moment.

Dion said: 'I am going to turn the car around, so we can leave in a hurry in case of attack. One of us had better go and see what's wrong. I am afraid it will have to be you, since you can't drive the truck.' I agreed with him. Driving a car through a mountain-pass would prove too difficult for an inexperienced driver. Dion got out two revolvers and gave me one. I jumped to the ground, and began walking to the abandoned truck, glancing to the right and left.

I had a feeling that we were walking into a trap.

'Frappel! Hey, Frappel!' I called.

The silence persisted, broken only by the echoes of my voice. A small breeze, forerunner of the coming night, stirred the sparse shrubs. Finally, I came up to the truck with my nerves, I confess, on edge. In the rear of the machine, everything was shipshape. All the packing cases were intact. But the windshield was smashed and the entire front of the car was pierced by bullets.

Even before I stepped on the running-board to look inside, I knew what I would find. Frappel, his skull smashed by bullets, his huge body sagging, sat behind the wheel, a revolver still in his nerveless right hand.

The battle must have been brief but violent. A dozen empty cartridges rolled under my feet. In the car I caught a glimpse of a sickening viscous pool of blood. The Arab mechanic, who always accompanied Frappel, lay a few feet from the truck, also dead.

Dion, whom I summoned from his bus, was stunned. He paced to and fro, clenching his fists, and repeating, 'The rats, the dirty rats!' He dissuaded me from my intention of removing the bodies.

'Let's leave all as it stands,' he said. 'We must give the alarm in Tikirt. Afterward, we shall see.'

Obviously he was burning with a passion for revenge.

'What do you make of this affair?' he asked. 'It wasn't robbery. Nothing was touched. It was deliberate murder, that's what it was, murder!' His voice shook with rage. 'Let's go.'

II

We made our report in Tikirt, where we arrived about midnight. To send a detail of *meharists* (native camel-cavalrymen) before the morning was

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out of the question. The thought of Frappel's murderers escaping made us burn with impotent rage. Our enforced inaction for the next two days made life unendurable. The patrol sent in pursuit returned forty hours later, and then the commander of the *burj* summoned us to his quarters.

The flag on the highest tower caught the last rays of sunshine from the burnished sky as we walked to the block-house. Inside, however, it was already dark. We exchanged greetings and handshakes with the *burj* commander, Étienne de Senones, his aide Captain Lamberdie, and the radio operator, Marchal.

'Gentlemen,' de Senones began, without preamble, 'I will tell you the first results of our investigation. Lamberdie has been to the scene and made a thorough search. Our present belief is that the murderers came from the south, probably from an oasis situated on the other side of this line.' With his riding crop, he indicated the dotted line of the frontier on the wall map. 'Frappel ambushed and killed, his assailants crossed the frontier, and are now well beyond pursuit. Another piece of news is that our telephone line was cut on the same day, at three in the afternoon, a few miles from Ouadi. As you see, it was not just an ordinary raid by desert bandits.

'Lamberdie will explain on the road tomorrow what is expected of you. He will accompany you to Ouadi with an armed escort. The chief of the Bureau of Native Affairs wants to talk to him about our little affair, several aspects of which interest him. You probably aren't aware that three years ago Frappel was attacked on the same road, under identical conditions. But that attack was half-hearted. Obviously, the natives had not been paid enough.

'The truth is that someone is trying to discourage us from using this route, doubtless because it passes too near the frontier and commands an important position. Naturally, there isn't an ambush permanently maintained in the mountains waiting for passers-by. Someone in Ouadi knew in advance the day and the hour when Frappel's truck would take the mountain pass, and warned vengeful agents. I hope we'll be able to nab the spies. They're not comfortable company to have around, particularly under the conditions in which we work, and with the neighbors we have. . . . I wish you good night and good luck.'

III

A group of admiring, dark-skinned youngsters squatting in the shadow of a wall watched my labors. Although not mechanically inclined, I had been carefully checking the truck for more than an hour in front of the garage of the Ouadi branch of the Tropical Company. Finally, Lamberdie, seated inside in a civilian suit, winked to me. It was my turn to play detective. A Sudanese girl, dressed in picturesque orange rags, came out of the house. She was the servant of the director of the agency, who also served dinner for the drivers. Singing, she passed me by, her bare feet scuffling in the sand. I followed her.

After our preliminary investigation in Ouadi, suspicion rested on four people. They were Frappel's fellow-driver, two native mechanics and, possibly, the little Negress whom I was following. No one, apart from these four, could have heard Frappel

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announce a week before that he proposed to leave the plateau route for that of the mountain. At the suggestion of the bus-company's agent, Dion had just pointedly announced in the dining-room that Frappel, detained in Tikirt by accident, was going to return on Wednesday. He even mentioned the probable hour of his departure from Tikirt and his arrival at Ouadi. That would give the suspected spy, or spies, four days' time to organize a new ambush.

I did not need to follow the girl for long. As soon as she arrived under the arcades of the native market, she ducked into a grocery store, run by a merchant called Mesto. I was somewhat abashed. The girl was merely buying provisions, and acted innocently enough. I could see her in the shadow of the shop, leaning against the counter and chatting with Mesto, a little Maltese with greasy hair. He measured out a kilogram of sugar and was rewarded by a brilliant smile from the Negress, who rolled her agate eyes at him seductively. '*Merci, missié Mesto. Adie, missié Mesto.* . . .' Then she went homeward, hugging her precious load. A minute later she went into the headquarters of the Tropical Company.

Lamberdie had gone from his post. He was replaced by another man in the service of the Bureau of Native Affairs. 'All she did was to buy a kilogram of sugar at Mesto's,' I told him sheepishly.

At first this information did not arouse him. Then, suddenly, he snapped to attention.

'Did you say buy a kilogram of sugar? Are you sure she actually bought it? Did you see money change hands?'

I had not seen anything of the kind.

'Then you believe that Mesto is keeping an account for her? But to do that he must know how to write! I can't leave my post at this moment. You'd better go back there immediately.'

IV

When I arrived at the shop, Mesto had disappeared. A little native, perched on a sack of dried peas, answered my questions. Mesto had left for half an hour and asked him to watch the store. Leaving his counter at this hour must betoken, I reasoned, pressing business. I questioned the youngster closely, then followed the vanished Mesto in the direction he had taken two minutes ago. At last I picked up his trail; he was making his way along the sand dunes. After a few minutes he took to cover behind the palms.

We passed the last two miserable gardens, that barely vegetated on the meager soil, cracked by heat, and then we were on the desert, in a grove of date-trees, standing stiff and motionless in the torrid air. There, a tribe of nomad Arabs had set up camp.

At Mesto's approach their dogs began to bark furiously, then subsided, growling; I heard the stamping and shuffling of the camels, hidden in the shadows of the dune, where they awaited their *sokrars*. Mesto was obviously in search of someone.

In a few moments, entrenched in my hiding-place, I spied him talking with a camel driver in a brown *jellaba*. But I could not come nearer for fear of arousing the dogs. From my distance I watched Mesto retrace his steps to the village while apparently

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the man in the brown *jellaba* went to get fodder for his camel. Then I slipped back to the village to make my report.

As was to be expected, the Arab and his camel had gone when Lamberdie and the rest of us raced back to the Arab encampment. The *sokrars* told us that he went south. He was traveling with another camel loaded with fodder—an ominous sign of preparedness for a long journey.

'It doesn't matter that you've let him slip through your hands,' Commandant de Senones assured us. 'The guilty must be caught on the spot redhanded. Otherwise, they've an alibi to give you—and, after all, we have no real proof. However, the thing is self-evident. Your Negress of Ouadi is much too susceptible to sweets. In return for a package of sugar, she's evidently been carrying back to Mesto everything that is said at the drivers' table. Mesto passes the news along.

'Well, gentlemen, tomorrow morning at six Lamberdie and I, at the head of our *goums*, have a rendezvous with you at the Igidi foothills. You'll serve as a decoy. There's nothing to fear. You'll be accompanied by a few of my best shots, but I am sure that you won't need to fire a shot. We shall take care of everything.'

The next day, at nine in the morning, we passed the first mountain pass in our bus and descended to the sandhills of Iguidi. I would be lying in saying my heart did not beat faster, although everything appeared calm on the surface. There was not a sign of life. But every second, at every turn of the road, we expected a shot. At last Dion applied the brakes. We had come to the precise spot named by Commandant de Senones for the rendezvous.

Was it possible that the Arabs were not going to attack? We were beginning to wonder, made skeptical by the brooding silence that reigned around us.

Then it came.

A dozen rifles cracked to the right and to the left, and little puffs of smoke rose among the rocks. Shouting their war cries, a band of Arabs in *burnous* appeared from nowhere like genies rising from the depths of the mountain, and raced down the slopes, leaping from rock to rock. Good shots though they were, they could not reach us from their ambush and had had to make an attack. There must have been twenty of them, brandishing their rifles, their *jellabas* flying in the wind.

De Senones was only waiting for them to come in the open. From three directions, from the rear, the left and the right, the *goums* left their hiding-place and began an enveloping movement. The Arab marauders, surprised, tried to fall back but it was too late. The struggle was short.

At eleven o'clock, peace again reigned in the mountains. We brought back to Tikirt the wounded, stretched on top of our car, while the unwounded prisoners followed us on foot through the dust, surrounded by Lamberdie's *meharists*, like the slaves of yore brought back in triumph.

V

Huddled in the court of the *burj*, with soldiers around them, the survivors of the band were ready to answer for their attempted ambush. They were all tall dark men, their

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faces hidden in their *lithams*. Captain Lamberdie made a gesture and their chief left the ranks, his mien dignified, and followed the officer to the hall of the fortress, where de Senones was waiting to question him. The name of the chieftain, it developed, was El Haj Malek; he had been born in the distant Oasis of Tessili through which the pilgrims passed. He had once been to Mecca. He was indifferent to any judgment save that of Allah.

He admitted his crime.

'Why did you raise your arm against France?' asked de Senones severely, pointing to the Arab chieftain's arm, where the blood from a rifle wound had dried.

'I am a soldier, like you and your men,' he answered, haughtily.

'Is it a soldier's duty to attack civilians on the road?'

'No. But it is the duty of a soldier to obey.'

'Your master has said: "The French must not follow the Djebel route with their machines." Accordingly, you have struck.'

'Yes, I have struck.'

'You have struck in order to obey, but do you hate France?'

Haj Malek did not answer.

'The flag of France is planted here. Before you and your sons, and the sons of your sons, I say: this flag is planted here, and here it will stay. And whoever will not respect it, will be crushed.'

The silence endured.

'The desert is vast,' de Senones resumed. 'The caravans pass and they must be protected. Who wants war?'

No word from El Haj Malek.

De Senones shrugged his shoulders. 'Take him away,' he ordered.

The sentries surrounded the Arab, who followed disdainfully. 'Haj Malek will think over what the commandant has said,' he muttered.

We saw Étienne de Senones the next day. 'Gentlemen,' he told us, 'I have made a grave decision. I assume all responsibility for it, and soon we shall know whether I was wrong or right.

'I have let Haj Malek go.'

Lamberdie lowered his eyes in disapproval, and assumed an absorbing interest in the toe of his sandal.

'I set him free this morning,' repeated de Senones. 'He wished to speak to me. When I came to his cell, he asked whether I thought he was a bandit or a warrior. I answered: "France punishes the destructors of caravans. They die like pigs, and there is no paradise of Allah for them, only the eternal night." That made him blanch. And I added: "I am waiting to hear what the warrior will tell me." There was a moment of silence. Then he said: "We had a war. We fought well. Now that it's over, set the prisoners free."

'"What security will El Haj Malek give that he shall no longer bear arms against France?" I asked him.

'"A chief leaves you his soldiers. There is no need for him to take an oath that he will return." Seeing that my reaction was favorable, he pursued: "Give Haj Malek eight days and eight nights. He will bring back his sons who are now in the land of your enemy."

'Well,' continued de Senones, 'I agreed. And after my sentries let him out of the fortress, I went over to him. "I will give you back your rifle, Haj Malek, and your best *meharis* (camels). Without them, a man is nothing in the desert." He promised to come back on Sunday, at the latest, before night falls. Now we can only wait.'

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VI

That Sunday the sky was copper red. The desert wind had risen toward noon, rustling the palms. As the day wore on, de Senones became increasingly nervous. He waited, his face grimly set. In the evening, he took his field-glasses and looked across the sandy terraces of the desert, before descending for the customary salute to the colors—a frown twisting his face.

The sound of the bugle—the call of the dead.

'Jean-Marie Frappel!'

The response: 'Dead on the field of honor.'

'Mohammed ben Mohammed!'

'Dead on the field of honor.'

De Senones saluted with his sword, then drew a paper from his pocket. His voice rose:—

'By order of the General Commandant of the region: the pass of Jebel-Amjer, the so-called route Frappel, connecting Tikirt with the Oasis of Ouadi, is henceforth to be recognized as an established route for all transport services, civil and military. The chiefs of the posts of Tikirt, Reghat and Ouadi are charged with its surveillance.

'Signed, the General Commandant of the region.'

At that moment there was a movement in the crowd of native spectators, massed at the gate of the *burj*. A warrior dressed in black advanced, leading his tired mount by the bridle. Two other *mehari*s followed, staggering under their load. De Senones turned his head slightly, but his face was impassive.

Haj Malek strode through the crowd. Standing rigidly at attention, he placed his good arm against his heart and saluted. Once again the strident call of the bugler. De Senones sheathed his sword and turned to us. He had recovered his good spirits.

'Gentlemen, peace in the desert continues.'

Haagsche Post

BENITO: Aren't you going too fast, Adolph?

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A Japanese, a British and a French view on the various aspects in the Far East.

Far Eastern Symposium

I. America's Stake in China

By Toshiyé Obama

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

GREAT importance has been attached to the China Incident by both the Government and the people of the United States ever since its outbreak. It is therefore of the greatest moment that the United States Government and the American citizens generally should make themselves fully acquainted with their real rights and interests in China in proper relation to the whole general situation in the Far East.

America's interest in the Far East differs greatly from that of Great Britain and France both in substance and degree, whether it be considered politically or economically. In accordance with her geographical position and traditional foreign policy, America would lose nothing by following a policy of isolation and non-intervention in the Far East as well as in Europe.

Central and South European issues touch the Mediterranean question, and this, in turn, quickly affects matters in both the Near and the Far East. It cannot be denied that on political and economic grounds alike Great Britain and France are very much concerned with the Far East, where any fundamental disturbance of their rights and interests is bound to menace considerably their general political and economic position.

Yet, despite this substantial difference between the Far Eastern interests of Powers like Britain and France and those of the United States, American public opinion has taken a definitely anti-Japanese direction. Nor can the fact be denied that American foreign policy is coming more into line with that of the European democracies as the prevailing political situation in Europe develops; while, in the Far East, likewise, it is drawn deeper and deeper into coöperation with the joint Anglo-French policy of restricting the activities of Japan. Let us consider how far this so-called Anglo-American joint action in the Far East is likely to bring any material advantage to America and her citizens.

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To judge correctly America's interest in the Far Eastern situation, one must consider both her position in the foreign trade of China and also her trading relations with Japan and Manchukuo as a whole. Since America's occupation of the Philippines in 1898, her trade with China has certainly increased. It reached its highest pitch, however, when a vigorous anti-Japanese movement in China following the outbreak of the Manchukuo incident enabled the United States not only to outstrip Japan but also to secure the hegemony among all nations interested in the China trade. But from that time on the position has not remained so favorable for the United States, as can be seen from the following table which gives the figures for the last five years.

	U. S. Exports to China	*U. S. Imports from China*	*Balance (Import excess)*
		(in million dollars)	
1935	38.1	64.2	26.1
1936	46.8	74.2	27.4
1937	49.6	103.6	53.9
1938 (January –August)	25.7	29.7	4.0

From this we see that America's trade with China for the year 1937 resulted in a very heavy excess of imports over exports; while the fact that her export trade with China has been sinking since 1935 means that the China market has already ceased to serve the purpose of a large consuming market for American goods, whereas, on the other hand, America is now buying much more from China. In fact, America was buying her maximum from China in 1937 at a time when her exports to that country were no more than $49,600,000, which represents only 1.5 per cent of the total value of $3,345,000,000 for America's export trade for that year.

On the other hand, if we turn to America's trade with Japan we find that for the year 1937 her exports amounted to the great sum of $288,000,000, which was 5½ times that to China, and, since her imports from Japan for that year totaled $204,000,000, this means that America gained on the balance of her trade with Japan to the tune of $84,000,000. The following table of America's trade with Japan over the last five years is instructive.

	U. S. Exports to Japan	*U. S. Imports from Japan*	*Balance (Export excess)*
		(in million dollars)	
1934	210.4	119.2	91.2
1935	203.2	152.9	50.3
1936	204.3	171.7	32.6
1937	288.3	204.2	84.1
1938 (January to June)	125.1	58.5	66.6

The net result, then, is that for the four years, 1934 to 1937 the United States took from Japan the grand total of $258,000,000 more than Japan took from America, but paid to China $82,000,000 more than China paid in return. Thus the fundamentally different position of Japan and China in regard to America's foreign trade is a fact that must not be ignored.

As the economic development of China proceeds, more modern industrial enterprises will be established and with this will come a heavy increase in the importation of machinery, iron and steel and various building materials. That is to say, China's imports will change from raw materials to manufactured articles. In the supply of these to China America lags behind Great Britain, Germany and Japan.

It will be difficult for America to improve the now diminishing value of

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her China trade unless she can strengthen her position in the expanding field of manufactured imports. In regard to this she is impeded by the fact that she lacks political influence in China, while naturally her investments there are smaller than those of such countries as Britain and Japan. A table prepared by Professor Lehmer of the Powers' investments in China in 1931 shows the inferiority of America's investments at that time:—

Countries	*Investments in China*	*Government Loans to China*	*Total*
	(in million dollars)		
Great Britain	963.4	325.8	1,189.2
Japan	912.8	224.1	1,136.9
United States	155.1	41.7	196.8
France	95.0	97.4	192.4

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Cordell Hull announced in January, 1938, that the United States Department of Commerce figures for 1935 showed American interests in China to the amount of $132,000,000, and that the present amount was $240,000,000. We append the details of American investments abroad issued by the State Department of Commerce in 1935, which show that out of a total of $13,000,000,000 of overseas investments, the investments in China totaled only $132,000,000, while those in Japan totaled $387,000,000.

Invested in	*Total Investment of U. S.* *(in million dollars)*
Europe	3,543
Canada	3,764
Mexico and other Central American countries	897
West Indies	1,107
South America	2,937
Africa	132
Australia and New Zealand	405
Japan	387
China	132
Entire Far East	758

This table clearly shows that the great bulk of America's overseas investments are concentrated in Europe, Canada, South America and the West Indies, whereas the total investments in the whole of the Far East reach the comparatively insignificant sum of $758,000,000, and even of this more than half, namely, $387,000,000, is in Japan, which is about three times the amount invested in China. Here again is an indication of the relative importance of Japan and China to the United States.

II

In any case, it is clearly indicated that American investments in China are of far less importance than Japanese, or British investments there and that America's relations with Japan are of far greater importance than her relations with China. Her position is utterly different from that of Britain, who, in addition to her enormous investments in China, has made loans to the Chinese Government which occupy 20 per cent of Britain's total loans to China and 32 per cent of the aggregate of loans made to the Chinese Government by the Powers.

The American investments are confined mainly to the export and import business and to public utility enterprises. The investments in industry are very small, while the public utility enterprises consist of hospitals, churches, schools and other cultural and religious organizations. The British investments, on the other hand, are concentrated mainly in banking and finance, manufacturing and the export and import trade, which means that Great Britain is bound to wield great influence throughout China's industrial field. It should be mentioned, more-

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over, that of the British investments about two-thirds are concentrated in Shanghai, and only about 10 per cent in Hong Kong, so that Japan's occupation of the Shanghai area must have dealt a heavy blow directly at the main British economic interest in China. For this reason British activity in regard to the China Incident has been seriously concerned with the protection of its rights and interests in China.

To sum up, (1) America's trading interest in China is quite insignificant in comparison with her trading interest in Japan and Manchukuo; (2) her political and economic influence, which forms the basis of her trade with China, is infinitely less than that of Great Britain; (3) the future of American trade in China is very poor compared with that of Britain and Germany, and (4) not only are American investments in China trifling compared with those of Britain and Japan, but American investments in Japan are actually far greater than those in China. Whence we conclude that, for America, it is her rights and interests in Japan to which importance must be attached both in the past and also in the present; whereas it is Great Britain who has mainly to be concerned that her influence should prevail in China.

But when we turn to Sino-Japanese relations, and see how intimate and deep are their racial, cultural, economic, political and defensive associations, then they assume an importance far beyond the relations of any other foreign country with China, not excluding Britain. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the relations between China and Japan are even closer and more profound than those which bind the United States with Latin America or England with the member countries of the British Empire, and are destined to develop still more on lines of mutual dependence. Yet we are not stretching the truth at all when we say that Sino-Japanese coöperation will not only contribute to the maintenance of peace in the Far East and the prosperity of China and Japan, but also will prove advantageous to Great Britain, the United States, France, and all other countries which have interests in China.

II. China, Left or Right

By Freda Utley

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

CHIANG Kai-shek's strength, although it has also been his weakness, is that he rides upon the support of the most diverse social elements and political groups. There is probably no one in any of the factions who does not regard him as the only possible national leader. This applies to Communist and National Salvationists on the Left and to the so-called 'C.C. clique' of reactionaries (led by Chen Li-fu, the Minister of Education, and his brother) on the extreme Right. It applies to the Army officers as a whole. It applies to Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, the famous Kwangsi generals who until 1936 maintained complete independence in the Southwestern Province,

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which they had reformed on semi-authoritarian lines, and whose excellently trained and politically conscious troops Chiang Kai-shek showed a disposition always to place in the forefront of the Yangtze battlefields. It applies even to the Cantonese, in spite of their resentment at the neglect of Canton's defenses.

A Communist will tell you of his confidence in the Generalissimo's leadership and belief in the latter's determination to continue the war until Japan collapses, although he will at the same time vigorously criticize the manner in which the war is being prosecuted.

When one asked why Wang Ching-wei and his 'peace group,' whose negotiations with the Japanese or with the Germans and Italians were an open secret, were kept in high office, one was told that Chiang Kai-shek considered they could do less harm inside the Government than out. Wang was not expelled from the Government and the Kuomintang party until, at the end of last year, he openly proclaimed himself in favor of acceptance of Japan's peace terms. His expulsion will strengthen, not weaken, China. For the retention in office of a man known by the Japanese to be in favor of surrender always gave grounds for the suspicion that Chiang Kai-shek, in spite of his bold words, might be thinking of surrender.

Power in China cannot be grasped by men who have no armies behind them. Hence Wang Ching-wei could only hope to oust Chiang Kai-shek, or to bring pressure to bear upon him, if he could gain the support of someone with an army. This would explain his reported conspiracy to estrange from Chiang Kai-shek the Governor of Yunnan Province, who controls the Burma route into China which is now of such great importance. This is but the final example of the manner in which during the past year Wang Ching-wei, although he professes himself a liberal in politics, has joined hands, or attempted to join hands, with the most backward and disruptive forces in China. His 'peace group' tended to act in coöperation with the 'C.C. clique,' which, although determined to prosecute the war, still regards the Communists as enemies and attempts to suppress them in those provinces where the reactionary elements have power. Wang Ching-wei and the Communists were naturally at daggers drawn since the latter were the most set on war to the bitter end against Japan.

Wang Ching-wei's expulsion appears to mark the refusal of the extreme Right in China to follow his line of surrender to Japan. For if the 'C.C. clique,' which still has a powerful grip on the party machine, had supported Wang, the latter would never have been expelled. Hence one can surmise that in spite of all the loss of wealth and revenue, there is as yet no important social element in favor of surrender.

It is probable that the decision of the United States and Britain to give some credits to China provided just the necessary encouragement to the vacillating elements to continue the war, and so helped at a critical juncture to preserve the unity of China. Hence, incidentally, Japan's anger and alarm.

II

It would, however, be a mistake to interpret recent events as simply the

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result of a conflict on clear-cut political and social issues. The essential difficulty in an appraisal of the political situation in China is that well-defined economic and social interests and parties or policies based upon them are not to be distinguished. Individual loyalties, family connections and personal striving for power all play an important part in Chinese politics.

It is still the high official rather than the trader, or the industrialist who can accumulate wealth; and official favor rather than enterprise which can enrich the capitalist. As regards banking, it is often hard to say whether the banker is primarily an official or the official primarily a banker. In these respects there is a marked resemblance to Japan. In China, however, fighting a war of national liberation, there is far more hope for the eventual emergence of a democratic State. Thought at least is free, and the country hums with discussion and criticism of the authorities. There has never been a hereditary military aristocracy, and China's very weakness, the old contempt for the soldier, is a hindrance to the establishment of a purely military dictatorship. Chiang Kai-shek's strength today comes as much from the support of the 'literati' and the patriotic youth as from his armies.

There are in China today two strongly marked opposing tendencies: one toward a military dictatorship, the other toward some kind of democratic State. So long as Hankow and Canton had not fallen to Japan, and the Chinese were fighting a positional defensive war with imported armaments, the former tendency was perhaps strongest. Today, with the difficulty of importing arms, the dwindling of currency and silver reserves, and the loss of the main ports and cities, the other tendency may perhaps become stronger. If 'guerrilla tactics against Japanese forces throughout occupied territory' are to become the predominant form of warfare, as Chiang Kai-shek is reported to have proclaimed last November, greater reliance must be placed on the people and the organizations and parties of the Left.

Dare Chiang Kai-shek trust himself more to the popular forces? He may be forced to do so as the only alternative to surrender. 'Mobilization of the people,' and all that this entails in the way of social and administrative reform, has been the main political issue in China for the past year. Wang Ching-wei's departure signifies sharpening political tension. Can Chiang Kai-shek still balance himself upon all factions, or will he be forced to step over the Left? Substantial foreign credits might enable him to avoid the issue, but will they be forthcoming?

III

It is not as simple an issue as some protagonists of the Left make out. The risks are incalculable. Can China hold together if the war becomes one of mobile warfare by small units which will naturally tend to become semi-independent? If the national consciousness of the Chinese is sufficiently awakened, the danger of a break-up into the provincial régimes of the past or of the degeneration of guerrillas into bandits will not be great. But can there be social reform and 'mobilization of the people' without a split in the united front which would lead

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other and more important elements in the Kuomintang to follow Wang Ching-wei's lead?

Chiang Kai-shek has all along kept some of his best divisions in the rear for possible future use for the preservation of Chinese unity and also against the danger of social revolution. If he decides to trust himself and China to the popular forces and to throw his weight on the side of the social reforming elements, the second danger may disappear. As regards the danger from the forces of feudal reaction and separatism, he would no doubt continue to preserve the flower of his Army to cope with such disruptive tendencies. It is probable, but not certain, that he could rely on the personal loyalty of his own officers whatever policy he were to follow, but this may not be the case in respect of the provincial troops.

On the other hand, the powerful Kwangsi generals and some of the Cantonese favor a 'mobilization of the people,' and the Communists and the guerrillas in the North have proved that the sacrifices demanded of the possessing classes need not be so great as to throw them into the arms of the Japanese. The Communists now are out only for agrarian and administrative reform, not revolution. It is this fact, equally with the looting, massacre and rape by the Japanese troops, which has prevented Japan from setting up local administrations in the 'occupied territories' to rule China in the interests of Japan.

III. French Fear for Indo-China

By John C. Le Clair

From *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

In RECENT months, reports from the territorial possessions of the Occidental Powers along the southern coast of Asia and in the South Pacific have indicated feverish defense activities against the expected extension of Japanese political influence into these areas. The French, in particular, appear of late to have come down with a severe case of the 'jitters' over the safety of their immensely profitable ownership of Indo-China. In part this has been an outgrowth of the present Sino-Japanese conflict which has resulted in numerous 'incidents.' Among these were the threats by Japan to bomb the important Annam-Yunnan Railway, and the mutual resentment which developed over the occupation by the French of the Paracel Islands, the recent seizure by the Japanese of the strategically important island of Hainan and the subsequent annexation of the Spratly Islands situated directly athwart the Singapore-Shanghai sea-lane further south. The acquisition of these islands is believed to have been effected as a retaliatory measure against the projected establishment of a vast French naval base at the Indo-Chinese port of Cam-Rah, which is one of the four best naturally protected ports in the world.

The Paracels are a small group of islets in the South China Sea, some 300 miles south of the China coast and 250 miles east of French Indo-China. They were occupied by Annamite po-

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lice in July of last year, following a sudden influx of alleged Japanese fishermen who took up their quarters there. In theory, the islands belong to China, which, however, was perfectly willing to allow the French to occupy them for the present. Japanese protest as to the necessity of protecting their nationals in these islands was met by the bland assurances of the French that they would see to it themselves.

Now that they have seized the Hainan, as well as Spratly Islands, the French and British Foreign Offices are in a somewhat difficult position. However, undoubtedly, present tension in Europe will preclude other than sharp protests which the Japanese as usual will blandly ignore.

II

French Indo-China has an area of some 277,504 square miles and a population of 22,000,000. Her foreign residents number approximately 360,000, of whom 30,000 are French. The territory consists of the colonies of Cochin-China and Laos, ruled directly from Paris, and the protectorates of Annam, Cambodia and Tonkin. With the exception of a small concession in 1787, later abandoned, these territories were all acquired by France in the imperialistic heyday of the latter half of the nineteenth century. With their expert colonization technique, the French have since garnered a tremendous return from this rich storehouse of the East which Albert Sarraut, one of the territory's former administrators, has called 'the most important, the most developed and the most prosperous of our colonies.' Although rice cultivation is the basis of the country's economic life, it also possesses considerable possibilities in raw materials, which have been but partially tapped. These include large deposits of high-quality coal, limestone, resources of wood, tin, zinc, phosphates, precious stones, gold and rubber.

Japanese economic penetration has made comparatively little headway in Indo-China, due to severe restrictions imposed by French decree. These have not only applied specific quotas on Japanese cotton, but also have brought about the imposition of an exchange compensation surtax of 25 per cent of the assessed duties on all other Japanese imports into Indo-China. Through this it has been hoped not only to curtail purchases from Japan, but also to exert a psychological influence in order to prevent possible extension of Japanese influence as the champion of the Yellow Race.

After the conquest of Annam in 1885, the French desired to safeguard their interests by agreement with China to the effect that the three southern provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi, and Kwantung would never be ceded to any foreign Power. This, however, failed, due to the opposition of the British, who at the time may have had in mind plans based upon their own control of Hong Kong. That the strategic value of the present much-discussed island of Hainan was recognized is evident in an agreement of March, 1897, by which Britain compelled China to agree not to concede or lease this land to any country for the purpose of establishing a naval base or refueling station. It is this last which now alarms the French.

A glance at a map will show the

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importance of this island. Its occupation by an ambitious or unfriendly Power could seriously affect not only the French control of Annam but also of Kwangchowan, acquired by lease in 1898. Moreover, the island lies half-way between Singapore and Hong Kong and, as expressed by one Japanese writer, its capture by the Japanese would enable them to break the British strength by splitting the two. The island covers about 97,198 square miles and has a large bay at Yulingkang, which would make it an excellent naval base. The land is fertile and could also be cultivated with profit.

Up to late years the French attitude toward Japanese aspirations in China was one of benevolent neutrality. The main reason for this was a treaty between the two countries signed in 1907. In the well-remembered imperialistic phraseology characteristic of the period, this treaty defined France's potential territorial interests in China as the provinces or Yunnan, Kwangsi, and Kwantung, with Japan to have similar freedom of action as to the provinces of Manchuria, Mongolia and Fukien. It is generally believed that this situation was instrumental in toning down the Lytton Report of 1932 condemning Japanese activities in Manchuria.

However, as possibilities inherent in recent Japanese activities have become clearer, the attitude of the French has been definitely modified, and today France appears to have made common cause with the other Powers facing similar conditions with regard to their Asiatic possessions. Evidence of this is seen in the frequent rumors, although officially denied, that the latter has reached a definite understanding in a Tri-Power Agreement with British and Dutch authorities that in the event of attack, the naval bases of Singapore and Soerabaja would be made available to the warships of all parties to the Agreement.

France, on her own behalf, has also undertaken preparations for the actual defense of Indo-China. She made a beginning as early as 1933 when she took possession of nine small islands to the east of Indo-China. These are merely sand-bars and rock formations with no inhabitants and are used occasionally by fishing junks. However, they have considerable uses for coastal defense and in sea and air navigation.

III

While it is at times difficult to sift the true from the many unfounded rumors which develop out of nothing more than possibility and wish-fulfilment, there is little question but that, in view of the present situation in China, the French are making every effort to anticipate Japanese designs with regard to Indo-China. This has been indicated by a number of circumstances—the rapidity with which French warships rushed to the South China Sea at the outbreak of present hostilities between China and Japan, and the extensive air maneuvers held by the authorities in November and December of last year which tested lines of communication not only between France and her North African colonies but also between France and Indo-China.

It is also generally believed that France contemplates the construction of a great naval base at Cam-Rah Bay, which is located approximately midway between Hong Kong and

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Singapore. A considerable project is already in operation there. From there it is intended to operate a modern submarine flotilla, fast destroyers, and a squadron of bombing hydroplanes. In Along Bay, facing the Chinese island of Hainan, a series of secondary defenses is being constructed; and at Cape Saint Jacques, which controls the main entrance to Saigon, coastal defenses are being strengthened. Vulnerable openings along the 1,850-mile coast line of a territory half again the size of France are to be protected with heavy guns. The French Government has also constructed military roads up to the Chinese frontier, built several modern air-fields, and, according to reports, is being urged by the military to store huge quantities of supplies to meet any emergency which might arise, since it would require weeks to secure them from Europe.

Needless to say, the British are pleased over these activities. Reports which describe the Japanese as occupying numerous groups along the South China coast for naval and air armament at a cost of 300,000 yen, have been particularly alarming. These islands include the Hopao Islands near Macao, the Pratas Shoals near Hong Kong, and the fortification of the Kimoi Shoals just outside Amoy Harbor. However, with the French arming, not only will a measure of protection be assured for the sea-route from Hong Kong to Singapore, but on the continental side of Indo-China, the caravan route to the oil-fields of Burma and through Yunnan into British-influenced Tibet will be defended.

Present activities are a far cry from the situation in 1936, when the Blum Government took office and it was rumored that the French Socialists, averse to compelling any native population to remain under the French flag against its will, were contemplating withdrawal from Indo-China. British opinion immediately became apprehensive over the possibilities of Japanese infiltration into an independent Indo-China and the subsequent effect on the Straits Settlements and India. It was generally held in London diplomatic circles that 'if and when a Government of the Left in France thinks it fit to surrender its rights in Asia, British preferential rights on the Indo-China coast must have been reserved in advance.'

However, present French policy with regard to the defense of Indo-China would appear to dispel any likelihood of this. As to what dependence can be placed on the continuation of this policy can be found in possibilities implicit in the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, as well as in certain other circumstances of European origin. These have made for a solidarity of interests on the part of Great Britain and France, in which of necessity their respective colonial interests in Asia must be a considerable factor.

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Experiments, troubles and problems along the Northern coast of Europe.

From the North Sea *To the* Baltic

I. Land from the Sea

By Muriel Harris

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE reclaimed land of the Zuider Zee has to be seen to be believed. Of the half-million acres which will eventually be added to Dutch soil, the 48,000 acres of the Wieringermeerpolder are already there, bearing wheat, barley, oats, clover, and sending their straw to the Canaries for the packing of fruit. Gay red-and-white farms stud what was once the seascape and children pick up shells in the sand at their doors as though they were playing on the beach. The wide windows of the farm frame a landscape which might have been painted by Van Gogh; furrows converge in the distance, and a drawbridge—made of concrete, it is true—rears its arms to the sky, which seems wider here than anywhere else.

The farmers of the polder find it hard to forget that they are working on the sea bottom. There is that mark upon the engineer's house at the height of 15 feet to remind them that that was once sea level. There is the dam, 26 miles long, which holds its own against the battering of the North Sea and which vanishes into the north-east mists. There are the great sluices which let out at every low tide the water from the polder and from the lake which remains of the Zuider Zee. One farm is called 'Salt into Gold' as a reminder that the fertile soil was once impregnated with sea salt. And then there is the extraordinary flatness, flat even for the Netherlands, cut by straight lines—straight roads, straight dikes, straight canals, straight furrows, for this is actually the bottom of an immense basin the walls of which keep out the surrounding water.

The impressiveness of the Wieringermeerpolder is the impressiveness of creation. For it is not an everyday thing to convert the bottom of the sea into a piece of Netherlands. The basin took six months to pump out. It took two years to rid the soil of salt, the process being helped by innumerable trenches which caught the soft rain-water. Even then the soil was too soft for horses to plough, and tractors with

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caterpillar wheels had to be provided.

It was four years before buildings could be put up. These began with the church and the school, and were followed by the laborers' houses and the handsome farms which now dot the landscape. The Government built the farms and houses, except those of shopkeepers, who had to build their own. Gradually, villages like Slootdorp or Middenmeer grew up, where today you see red-faced farmers or sportsmen turning into the cafés for a game of billiards along with their lunch.

At present all the land is government-owned. It is let out in larger or smaller holdings to farmers having capital, at a price of 300 guilders or, at the present exchange, roughly $160 an acre. This money may be borrowed from the immediate family (father or brothers and sisters) but not from anyone as remote as cousins, or from a bank. The idea is to attach the family to the soil. To this end charming little laborers' houses have been built, and as laborers may have to come some distance to work, they have a bicycle allowance of eight cents a day, which enables them at the end of a year to buy their own machine.

At first, applications for land hung fire. The other day, however, when fifty farms were offered, there were 1,100 applications. Rent begins low and, as the soil becomes better and more free from salt, it rises. Some holdings are as small as 12½ acres, and these, with mixed farming, may bring in an income of about $750 a year. The bigger farms are divided into two types: dairy and arable. Everything is under one roof, the house being joined to the great barn, the cow shed or stable, as the case may be. Families sometimes share a tractor (there are a good many family settlements), otherwise horses do the ploughing.

II

The cow sheds are long, well-lit buildings. The animals stand in their separate stalls with an iron pot in front of them. As they poke at the lid with their noses, they press a spring and water gushes out. Hay is put down before them, and in back of them there is a ditch. Their tails are tied up loosely with string to prevent them from getting soiled. Perhaps thirty in a row will stand in the house during the winter months.

The farmhouses themselves vary in size according to the holding. They have electric light and water, perhaps four bedrooms and a bathroom, and in one of the bedrooms or on the landing is a cold-water basin. Some have natural gas, which is piped into the houses from wells and is entirely odorless. The sitting-rooms are lighted by large, wide windows.

Obviously problems have not been lacking in so vast an undertaking. Some of the land was drained too dry, and a system of infiltration from the Amstel Lake had to be devised. The soil was found to be lacking in certain qualities, and these were supplied by the research station which works continuously on the polder. Some land proved less suitable for crops than others, and so forests have been planted. The gradual transformation of the remains of the Zuider Zee into a fresh-water lake meant that the salt-water fish died and had to be replaced by fresh-water varieties.

But perhaps the greatest problem of

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all was and will be the displacement of the fisher-folk who used to earn their living in the fishing villages of the Zuider Zee. They had to be compensated. Some of them went elsewhere; some became farmers. But many could not change their mode of life. Their children, however, are being taught the science of dry land, and gardening is a feature of their lives.

There are three more and much bigger polders to dam and drain, but after the experience of the Wieringermeerpolder, this should be a rather easier miracle. In the meantime 393 miles of good brick road have been constructed; water is regulated to an inch; next year people are to have telephones. And farmers go their way, big and ruddy, have their own newspaper, sit back in their comfortable farms, plough with their big cobby horses on what only eight years ago was the bottom of the sea.

II. Unwilling Baltic Entente

Translated from *Het Volk*, Amsterdam Social-Democratic Daily

ANYONE familiar with conditions in the Baltic region is astonished at the want of harmony among these countries. He is amazed at the conflict among the Lithuanians, the Latvians and the Estonians, at the petty squabbles so characteristic of the relations among the little-known border States. The Baltic Entente, concluded by them in 1934 for the purpose of furthering coöperation, has not been very successful.

The basis of the disharmony lies in the unnecessarily opposed interests of the three countries. At present they try to observe a policy of strict neutrality. Despite the semi-annual meetings of Cabinet members from each of the countries, their differences have increased. Estonia especially shows increasing nationalism as compared to the others; and she has only recently recovered from an attack of 'Führer fever.'

When this farm-nation was a part of the Russian Empire, there was at least a degree of peace. But after the World War, when the three independent nations were formed (Lithuania with 1.7 millions, Latvia with 1.5 millions, and Estonia with 1.5 millions), sharp clashes of interest developed. The three small chauvinistic nations began to vie with one another in seeking support from the West. But none understood, as did Poland, how to pursue a balanced policy between Germany and the Soviet Union. Thus there cannot as yet be serious talk of a Scandinavian-Baltic bloc. Unlike Finland, the Baltic countries are unable to throw off the old Tsarist-Russian way of thinking, and set themselves on the path of democracy. Their economic, social and cultural life shows a profound difference from that of other countries in northern Europe.

Self-interest has so far compelled each of the three States to consider only its own concerns. Each sees the Baltic situation in a different light, each unconcerned with the fate of its neighbor. Only Poland, it should be noted, sets great store by the Baltic Entente and is alarmed over dissension among its members.

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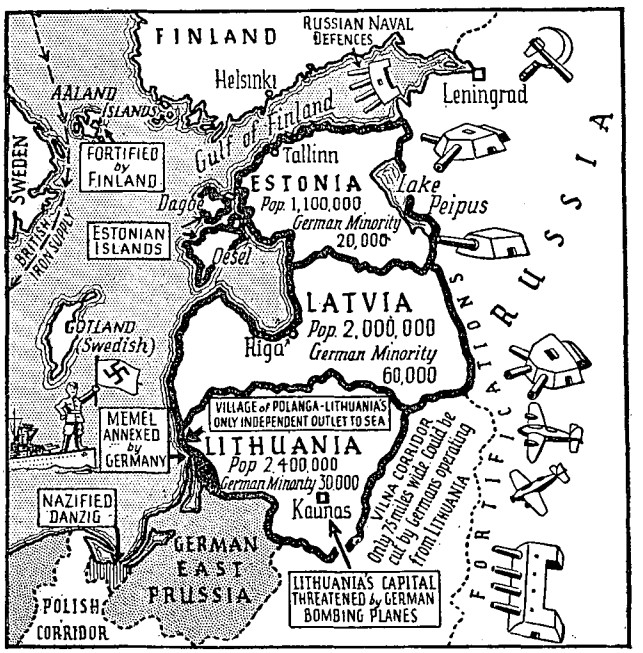
Lithuania has alienated herself from the other Baltic countries by her strained relations with Warsaw, arising over the Vilna problem, and with Germany over the unilateral interpretation of the Memel Statute. At the same time, as a consequence of her isolation from the others, she has maintained close relations with Soviet Russia. This rôle has now also been assumed by Estonia, which now shows a conspicuously isolationist attitude.

To secure economic advantages, Estonia is following a policy of closer coöperation with the Scandinavian countries, especially Finland. In this direction the Estonians are more advanced than the other Baltic countries.

During the past few years, Estonia has tried to broaden Baltic neutrality, to include the Nordic countries and even Poland. The purpose here was to form a broad zone extending from Soviet Russia on the one side, to Greater Germany on the other. But the interests of the Baltic countries seem too divergent. Lithuania provided the greatest obstacle. Her relations with Poland may now have returned to normal, but petty annoyances are always arising, and for the present there cannot be any talk of genuine friendship with Warsaw.

Estonia, moreover, is dissatisfied with her relations with neighboring Latvia. The commander-in-chief of the Esthonian army, General Johan Laidoner, of World War fame, has repeatedly stressed that the military alliance with Latvia must be revised because the customs-union between the two countries has not been put into effect, and, as a result, Estonia is not enjoying the advantages which the customs-union would extend to her. Estonia's insistence on this treaty revision has annoyed Latvia.

THE BALTIC BLOCK



— *News Review*, London

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Besides this, both Estonia and Latvia are dissatisfied with the inflexibility of Lithuania's attitude toward Poland. This has caused newspapers in Esthonia and Finland to dub the Baltic Entente an 'alliance without allies.' These newspapers also point to the fact that political and economic relations between Estonia and Finland have developed more favorably although these countries are not allied by any pact.

The present policy of neutrality has not removed the causes for conflict among the Baltic peoples. That friction not only impedes the development of the cultural life of these small nations, but brings the danger of their absorption by one of the major Powers.

This is already true in the instance of Lithuania, now run by an Army-dominated Cabinet, which has been drawn into the sphere of influence of the German Reich by the annexation of Memel. The two other Baltic countries are following this development with the greatest anxiety, highly sensible of the German threat. Above all, they do not wish to be the battlefield on which Germany meets Soviet Russia.

III. The Soviets Fight Gigantomania

By M. Rubenstein

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

In A report on the third Five-Year Plan, delivered to the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party this spring, Premier Molotov spoke of the need of combating a tendency toward what he called 'gigantomania' in the Soviet industry. He suggested that the Soviet Union would do better to devote greater attention to medium and small-sized industrial enterprises.

This recommendation might seem unusual and not in conformance with orthodox views on the subject. There is no question that the construction of such gigantic structures as Magnitors Dnieprogas, or the Stalingrad tractor-factory during the first and second Five-Year Plans was a notable achievement in the progress of Soviet industrialization, and we intend to continue building such giants during the Third Five-Year-Plan, wherever necessary.

But Comrade Molotov's citation of 'gigantomania' indicated something else. He referred to our tendency to concentrate efforts on building vast plants and to neglect completely or under-estimate the potentialities of other industrial construction. That tendency we must learn to combat.

It is true that Lenin, in his time, constantly emphasized the need of centralization of industry in order to overcome the small bourgeois elements. So has Stalin. But the present situation is radically different. There has already been achieved a high degree of concentration in industry. As far back as 1935, the percentage of workers in the large plants (that is, those employing more than 1,000 workers) was twice that of the United States. And later the standard of equipment of these factories matched its man-power.

But, as Stalin once put it, 'There

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is a dark side to all successes.' That is true of the current situation. First, it takes excessive time to build factories of this giant size. Soviet construction methods are not sufficiently mechanized, projects are not well-organized and there is a lack of skilled cadres. The projects undergo many changes, often are shelved for long periods, and there is a considerable waste of time and material before they are finally approved. Until a given project is finished, it has, of course, no production value.

Besides, these industrial giants are complex and unwieldy; they are difficult to manage efficiently. The Soviet Union's undue attachment to them has prevented us from attempting to industrialize all regions of the country and fully utilize its resources in energy and raw materials. We have been forced to carry the products of a few vast undertakings all over the nation, in the absence of regional production. In case of repairs, necessitated by accident or sabotage, the country is deprived of necessary reserves.

These are some of the reasons why Molotov stressed the need for combating the influence of 'gigantomania' during the coming Five-Year Plan. The country must relinquish the idea that has taken root, particularly in the minds of Soviet engineers, that small undertakings are of necessity backward. While it may be true of them in their present neglected state, they can be easily improved to become a valuable industrial asset. Here, again, blind preoccupation with gigantic plants has been at fault. These small units were not provided with modern equipment and qualified technical staffs. Clearly we must also do away with unwieldy steam machines and substitute electrical installations. That done, the small-sized factories will be enabled to reach the level of production maintained in the so-called 'giants.'

There is growing appreciation here of the fact that the capitalist countries profitably exploit their small factories. The giant plants of the United States' automotive industry produce only a small part of automobile parts. The greater number of these is supplied by thousands of small and medium-sized concerns scattered, for the most part, around Detroit. These concerns, served by relatively small staffs, from ten to a hundred men, are highly productive. In the machine-building industry of the United States, almost all the factories are far smaller than those in the Soviet Union, yet the most efficient machines in the market are made in the United States by factories, which here we would consider too small for quantity production. In Soviet Russia, too, we have encountered examples of small factories which could produce complicated machines impossible for our giants. But there are only few such instances.

A struggle with 'gigantomania,' a transition to the construction of small and medium-sized factories, cannot be achieved overnight. There will have to be a complete change in the psychology of many of our economic workers, engineers and project-makers. Such a change, however, will transform the entire economic geography of the Soviet Union.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

PERHAPS no other President of the United States has spent so much time in the South and done so much to bring the economic plight of that section to the attention of the rest of the country as Mr. Roosevelt. He has inspired many Federal and local committees to study the roots of the South's ailments, and he himself has spoken at great length on the subject. His reference several months ago to the former Confederacy as 'the nation's No. 1 economic problem' will be remembered. So, no doubt, will his more recent phrase that there is imperative need of 'getting the South out of hock to the North,' by which he meant that the South depended too heavily upon the North and West not only for manufactures but also for milk and meat.

Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to rebuild the lands below the Mason and Dixon line, needless to say, deserve all commendation, but we should not forget that in at least one field, literature, the North and the West are in hock to the South. A very large percentage of the major fictional and dramatic works of the past fifteen years have come from down there. The premier short-story writer of the nation, Katherine Anne Porter, hails from Texas; Thomas Wolfe first saw the light of day in North Carolina, got his material largely from his home state, and now lies buried there; William Faulkner has pretty nearly always had his mailing address in Oxford, Mississippi; Erskine Caldwell's birthplace is Georgia; and as for Margaret Mitchell, to put an end to a list that could be made much longer, the millions who have read *Gone With the Wind* know where she has lived all her life.

These writers, by the sheer quality or mass appeal of their work, have put the rest of the nation heavily in debt to their homeland. In the case of the first two, Miss Porter and Mr. Wolfe, the chances are that future historians will put them down among the enduring half-dozen writers of the past decade. Most Northern critics agree on that. The more respectable Southern critics have either ignored them completely or minimized their achievements, but that need cause no surprise on the principle, as expounded by good authority, that 'A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kind, and in his own house.'

Thus the intelligent people of the South, while deeply deploring the heavy Northern and Western mortgages upon their land, can find some comfort in the knowledge that they have a far more lasting mortgage upon their gigantic creditors.

THE figures of the Department of Justice regarding the German-American Bund contain good news to decent people. Contrary to the frequent public boasts of Fritz Kuhn, the national leader, the organization has less than 7,000 adult members and about 2,000 in the Youth Movement. Strangely enough, about half of this membership —composed largely of mechanics, restaurant workers and the like—come from the metropolitan area of New York City, where more Jews and Cath-

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olics reside than in any other section of the country, and where, as a result, the Nazis can never hope to achieve more than a lot of noise, and that only by the grace of a partly Jewish mayor and a Catholic police commissioner who have the wisdom to allow them to make fools of themselves. The Bund centers in the South and the Middle West, where bigotry has generally flourished more than elsewhere, contain so few adherents that they can be ignored. The four periodicals, three weeklies and one monthly, of the Bund seem to have an aggregate national circulation of not more than 6,000.

When one considers the enormous amounts of money and other 'assistance' the Hitler foreign office has directly or indirectly poured into this country for propaganda purposes, and compares them to the result, one need lose little sleep over Nazism making serious inroads among us for a long time to come. Perhaps the chief effect of the Nazi activities in this country and abroad has been to make most Germans in our midst suspect. This feeling does wrong to a very large number of excellent men and women, and should be guarded against, but it also serves as a powerful antitoxin to the Hitler disease.

ONE subject, that of private armies, raised by the Bund as well as by the Vigilantes, the Silver Shirts and other such groups, merits close study and fairly quick action, for these armies, when well organized, as the history of the Fascist and Nazi movements in Europe have shown, can form the nuclei for mighty subversive agitations. Congressman Voorhis of California has introduced in the House a bill which he thinks will help put an end to them. It provides that henceforth 'civilian military organizations' obtain a license from the President, that he make his decision public in each case, that the Secretary of War ascertain the organization's 'proposed or existing purposes, activities, membership, mediums of propaganda employed or to be employed, present or proposed sources of information' and other relevant facts, and that licenses should not be issued to any group which in any way 'advocates the denial to any citizen or group or class of citizens of any protection, privilege or immunity guaranteed by the Constitution and laws of the United States on account of race, color, or religious or political faith of such citizen, group, or class of citizens by use of force, violence, threats, intimidation or economic coercion.' The proposed law would in no way invade the rights of peaceful associations to band together for fraternal or other social purposes. It seems to be fair enough and certainly deserves the consideration of the present Congress before it adjourns.

THE threat of war in Europe and the possibility of our getting mixed up in it actively has brought forth in both houses of Congress a large number of neutrality and anti-war-profits bills, not to mention a revival of interest in the Ludlow Resolution calling for a national referendum on war. The meaning of it all seems to lie in the growing determination on the part of the general public not to repeat the mistake of 1917, when we entered on the side of the Allies for reasons that appear more and more spurious with the passing of the years. According to polls of the American Institute of Public Opinion, more than half of our

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population still favors a war referendum, and 83 per cent oppose the sending of American soldiers and sailors to Europe 'to help England and France,' even though only 1 per cent express sympathy with the totalitarian States.

Thanks largely to the agitation of liberals and radicals, who have become war-mongers the past few years, urging the nation to defend every so-called democracy on the Continent, this attitude of the public has been sneeringly labeled isolationism, as if refusing to shed one's blood for dubious and trouble-making friends were to sin against all the Ten Commandments. The European 'democracies' are a gang of double-crossers, for without their financial, moral and political help Hitler and Mussolini would not be as strong as they are now, and without their calculated indifference to the fate of Republican Spain, that country would not now be under Franco's heel. The idealism they profess today is as bogus as the idealism they professed in 1914–1918.

THE latest report of the Legal Aid Society of New York brings to the fore one of the most pressing problems in the administration of justice, namely, the inability of the majority of people to obtain adequate legal assistance because of economic circumstances. More than half the adults of the United States, many of them heads of families or important contributors to their upkeep, earn less than $1,000 annually. Considering the fact that, according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, a family of four needs a minimum of $1,750 a year for bare subsistence, one can readily see the plight most Americans are in when they get into difficulties demanding court action. There are State societies which offer free legal service to men and women who cannot afford counsel, or the local courts appoint attorneys to plead their cases, but the societies are undermanned and the lawyers named by the courts generally are so young or otherwise inexperienced that the interests of their clients often suffer by their aid.

Several commonwealths have instituted small claims and arbitration courts, making it easier for the person of small means to get his day in court and to get it quickly, but such courts, in the main, deal with cases involving less than $500. The agitation on foot to increase the maximum to $1,000 or $5,000 seems valid enough and deserves serious consideration. Meanwhile something should be done for the people involved in cases of this magnitude who cannot afford attorneys. The public defender system has not yet met with universal approval in the states. Besides, there are the Federal courts, where apparently even less has been accomplished in aid of the poor than in the states. Attorney-General Murphy has recognized the grave problem involved by putting the prestige of his office behind the movement for public defenders in United States courts. He has offered a series of recommendations to the present Congress, calling for some form of Federal public defense. His recommendations differ somewhat from those made in the past by Senator Capper, the chief advocate of public defenders in the Upper House, but the two sets of proposals agree sufficiently to make it possible for the camps on both sides to come to terms. The sooner that is done, the nearer will the

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American dream of equal justice for all be realized.

QUIETLY, in sharp contradiction to the predictions of national upheaval made by certain ultra-conservative forces, the Social Security Act has now operated for more than two years with results well up to the expectations of its advocates. Beginning in January 1, 1937, it brought into the social security reserve funds, as of December 31, 1938, $966,000,000, of which only $11,000,000 have been paid out in benefits. At the present rate of gradual increase in taxation, the reserve fund would amount to $47,000,000,000 by 1980. In view of the general business situation and the drain of the security taxes on employers and employees alike, government officials have suggested that the present tax of 1 per cent be only slightly increased next year, or even that it be kept until 1942. In any case, enough reserves will be available in a few years to aid most of the needy aged and unemployed. That the social security machinery in the main operates efficiently hardly anyone denies, though there is still room for improvement in its basic provisions, which do not take into account migratory workers, domestic workers, doctors, dentists, writers and others.

THE rising demand for a United States of Europe coincides strangely with a Europeanization in our own land, in the form of increasing trade restrictions between the states. More and more of them are employing the powers to prevent adulteration of goods and to establish fair standards and honest labeling in order to stop the free flow of commerce among themselves; so that, if the present situation develops, it will be almost impossible for an apple grower to sell his goods to Oklahoma or Massachusetts without complying with complicated forms and regulations entailing enormous unnecessary expense and trouble. Already Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has complained about the state hindrances to the unimpeded commerce of agricultural products.

Such a development, if carried very far, would nullify one of the basic principles of our Federal government. Solicitor-General Robert H. Jackson, addressing the National Conference on Interstate Trade Barriers, properly entitled his speech 'Trade Barriers — a Threat to National Unity,' and he promised the active support of the Department of Justice 'wherever and whenever a predatory parochialism or a local parasitic interest tries to flourish by obstructing the general commerce among the states.'

The labor and labeling provisions in the various commonwealths differ widely, in accordance with their general economic and cultural standing. Obviously some minimum should be required of all of them, and adherence to it should give any article of commerce free transport through the Union. Perhaps the Federal government is best suited to determine that minimum. —C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Adolf Gives Up

It is said that during his voyage to Memel on board the battleship *Deutschland*, Hitler had suffered greatly from seasickness. In international diplomatic circles this is considered a most significant symptom. Up to now Hitler always took. This is the first time he gave anything up.

—*Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

Sad but True

It seems that only States incorporated in the Third Reich are secure. They can no longer be invaded.

—*Critic*

Latest Coup

One Frenchman calls up another: 'Do you know Mussolini's latest? He is going to annex the Boulevard des *Italiens*.'

'You are telling me nothing new,' his friend answers. 'I have heard that Mussolini is requisitioning all the French literary works in order to annex the words in *italics*.'

—*Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

Tampering with Fate

Thirty fortune tellers, who peer into the future for curious or anxious clients at their lamp-lit stands in the Ginza area, decided to form an association which will encourage the prediction of brighter hopes for their customers, particularly during the emergency.

—*Japan Advertiser*

The Supreme Triumph

Whatever economic and political use Germany can make of her new territories, they should help her this summer to attain the ambition she has long cherished of winning the Davis Cup.

—*Evening Chronicle, London*

Birds First

Would genuine bird-lover in 'safe' locality within 50 miles of London give roomy home to pet jackdaw in event of war?

—Advertisement in a London paper

Some Use at Last!

A newly bereaved Yorkshire widow had her husband cremated. On recovering the ashes, she ordered them to be placed in an egg-timer. Incredulously the glass-maker asked the reason.

'Why,' said the widow, 'it's like this. He niver did ony wark when he were alive, so Ah'm bahn to mak him do some now he's deead.'

—'Northerner' in the *Yorkshire Post*

Fisherman's Tale

Thirty sharks were shot in Table Bay from the Police launch *Gemsbok* yesterday morning. Altogether 200 sharks were seen.

Following reports of sharks in the Bay during the last few days, the launch, her crew armed with guns, set out on a shark hunt early yesterday morning.

'We saw at least 200 of them,' an officer told the *Cape Times*. 'They lay on the surface just outside the breakwater and seemed quite unperturbed at the sight of our launch. Some of them were 20 feet long.

'We shot 30.'

—*Cape Times*, February 17

About 20 large sharks were seen yesterday by the crew of the Police patrol vessel *Gemsbok*. They were basking just off the breakwater and were between 25 and 30 feet long. One of the sharks was hit by a rifle shot but got away.

—*Cape Argus*, February 17

In the Order of Importance

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

NEWMARKET and THURLOW FOXHOUNDS
Monday, March 27th, Hundon, 11:30
Thursday, March 30th, Bradley Fox, 11:30

Hitler made another *coup* on Wednesday by taking Memel.

—*Newmarket Journal and Free Press*
March 25th.

Up-to-date Synonyms

The Italian newspapers have received orders to treat Arabian terrorists as gentlemen. According to the *Palestine Post* the order states:

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'When describing events in Palestine, words such as *bands*, *terrorists*, *attempt to assassinate* may not be used. They must be replaced—in headlines as well as in the text of reports—by expressions such as: *insurgents*, *insurrection*, *the courage of the insurgents* and *Arabian fighters*.

—*Haagsche Post*

A Truism

Mr. Ernest Brown crystallized the unemployment problem when he told Parliament that it was really a question of finding jobs.

—*Oxford Mail*

Hitler's Heaven

Small girls in a North German town were subjected to an all political 'examination' by a local Nazi functionary.

One of the questions asked was: 'Where does the Führer live?' One girl replied, 'In Berchtesgaden.' Another said, 'in the Chancellery in Berlin.' A third, thinking of the private flat in the Prinz Regentenstrasse, answered, 'in Munich.'

Swelling slightly, the examiner gave the correct reply in appropriately severe tones: 'Adolf Hitler lives in the heart of every German.'

—*Peterborough*

Number, Please

In most countries simple, easily remembered telephone numbers are naturally most in demand, but only in Japan do certain professions and trades have a predilection for numbers with punning significance. The dentist, for instance, likes 648—*mu-shi-ba*, a decayed tooth. The doctor plumps for 4771—*shi-na-na-i*, will not die. The merchant likes 4147—*yo-i-shi-na*, excellent goods; the stone-mason fancies 148—*i-shi-ya*, stone shop. But nobody, unless it's the undertaker, loves 42—*shi-ni*, or death. And 4989—*shi-ku-ba-ku*, is popularly supposed to bring trouble, while 197—*i-ku-na* doesn't go well either. The most curious dislike of all is that for number 404. There are said to be 404 diseases; telephone 404 apparently is the 405th.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, *Kobe*

Stay and Like It!

A laborer in a brickworks was offered a much better job at higher pay in a sugar factory. He was warned by the local Labor Office that he was not allowed to leave his job under the decree of Field-Marshal Göring recently issued.

The Court decided that his behavior in giving up his job to find a better one was that of an enemy of the people who ruthlessly places his own individual interests above those of the general welfare of the nation. This was held to justify the harsh sentence of two months' imprisonment which he received.

—Berlin Dispatch

Fallen in Price

In view of the international situation, Messrs. Victor Gollancz have reduced the price of *Fallen Bastions* by G. E. R. Gedye from 16s. to 7s. 6d. —*News Chronicle*

Came the Dawn

There is a well-founded suspicion that Germany has adopted a policy of imperialist expansion. —*Daily Mail*, London

Eat Your Hat, Too?

You can eat your tie! This is the latest in fashions from Lima, in Peru, where the young bloods are wearing multi-colored ties in the morning before siesta. When the heat of the day comes, instead of taking the ties off and laying them aside, as is usually done, the ties are eaten—for they are made of a kind of meat wafer, very delectable and non-greasy. The meat of which the ties are made is a sort of dried pemmican and it is so treated that it will take different types of color matter for patterning.

—*Latin-American World*

What About Baarova?

The *Angriff*, which is closely associated with Dr. Goebbels, has just scored heavily in its desultory war of pinpricks with the '*National Zeitung*,' of Essen. The latter enjoys the favor of Field-Marshal Göring, and the two carry on lively exchanges on behalf of their respective lords and masters.

The *Angriff* recently appeared triumphantly with the headline 'Emmi Needs Some Pocket Money' on one of its main news pages. This was not a reference, as many readers may have thought at first glance, to Frau Emmy Göring. It referred to a woman swindler sentenced that day by a Berlin law court to two months' imprisonment.

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Politics on the Left Bank

By Frank C. Hanighen

THE strong political and social currents of Europe have literally swamped the intellectual life of France. In fact, little real 'creative' literature is being written any more. The days when Paul Valéry's '*poesie pure*' thesis could arouse a storm of controversy have indeed vanished. Novelists today do not even write novels which are political treatises. They simply write political treatises. Thus the massive Céline turns his morbid genius to *Bagatelles pour un massacre*, a repulsive anti-Semitic volume. Jean Giono deserts the mystic twilight of his peasants' mountain to produce a pacifist brochure. Readers of the *Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale* awake to find inserted between essays on pragmatism and Hegel an analysis of the new Germanic national religion—National Socialism. In short, the cenacles of the Left Bank reflect, ideologically, the various tendencies in French political life. And since political life now has concentrated almost exclusively on foreign affairs, a survey of these various factions amounts to a survey of the attitudes of the various intellectual groups toward France's foreign policy.

The review which possesses more drive and virility than any other is the new *Les Volontaires*. It is backed and edited by Renaud de Jouvenel. M. de Jouvenel is a man of thirty, of strong Popular Front convictions and of liberal political ancestry. His father, Henry de Jouvenel, Senator, journalist, and Minister in various Cabinets, was a typical Left of Center politician of the twenties. His uncle, Robert de Jouvenel, was a man of the Left and has written in the *République des Camarades* a classic treatise on French democracy. What has happened to Henry de Jouvenel's two sons is characteristic of the divisions in France today. While Renaud de Jouvenel has turned sharply Left, his journalist brother Bertrand has gone Fascist and has become associated with Doriot.

Renaud de Jouvenel has become as *belliciste* as his brother is *pacifiste*. His review is strongly 'anti-Munich.' It was founded, after the famous capitulation, by Renaud de Jouvenel, Philippe Lamour (an anti-Fascist lawyer and journalist) and several other Left intellectuals whose militancy reacted against the surrender. It is distinctly a fighting magazine, designed to arouse Frenchmen to the dangers of further surrender to the dictators. Critics have called it 'Stalinist.' To the extent that it prints no criticism about the Soviet Union and in fact tosses an occasional compliment that way, it is. But it lacks the narrow bigotry and character-assassination which has typified so many Stalinist publications. *Les Volontaires* gains thereby in effectiveness.

Thus, the most devastating criticism of M. Georges Bonnet, the Foreign Minister and 'villain' of the Munich drama, comes from M. Louis Levy, reporter on the Socialist *Populaire* (himself with no love for Stalinists). M. Levy, with the objectivity of a true journalist, records M. Bonnet's political moves. Without resorting to gossip about Bonnet's personal affairs which is so current today, Levy paints a vivid picture of Bonnet as a typical politician driven by political ambition to bring his country to the verge of destruction.

But the best expression of *Les Volontaires* and therefore of the spirit of French anti-Munich youth is from Philippe Lamour, one of the most brilliant writers of the group. M. Lamour's talents run to invective. One of his best flights possesses

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a vehement anti-bourgeois Jacobinism reminiscent of the French revolution.

'These people have somehow lost the feeling that life itself is made up of obligations and risks, that it is and must be by its very nature a constant struggle for conquest. The ideal of an average Frenchman is that his children should come out of their mother's womb with an old-age insurance paper and a deed to a cemetery plot in their hands, so that nothing should be left to chance. No shocks, no adventures. The ideal is a mediocrity that holds no surprises. . . . Yet a living man must either react or die.'

'React' intellectually or 'die' seems to be the leit-motif of *Combats*, another review, which Communists term Fascist. On close examination, however, *Combats* seems to be less Fascist than 'anti-anti-Fascist.' *Combats* is most important as a free forum for the average French intellectual with neither strongly Left nor Right leanings. Here he can be suspicious of the fervent *bellicistes* and the equally fervent *pacifistes*. He can indulge in some anti-Americanism—bad form now on the Left since Roosevelt's strong stand against Hitler, but a typical French reaction which is tenacious and can be easily overlooked in these days of hands-across-the-sea. He can be as blatantly imperialist as the average Frenchman really is—'here is black cannon fodder to defend us: let us take it and no humanitarian nonsense.' As a post-War youth, he can express his contempt for the lucubrations of the veterans.

Combats is really a mistitle. For its program turns out to be nothing more than a vague affirmation of French democracy and nationalism. The best things in the magazine are the gallic sneers at catchwords and spurious attitudes of the other rival groups. It is important, for it often expresses what the average French intellectual, when he belongs to one or other of these groups, rarely gets a chance to express in print.

For since the rise of the Popular Front, the policy of hush-hush, orthodoxy and disciplined anti-Fascism has produced an even stronger reaction than is seen in *Combats*. It is the weekly, *Flêche*. This paper is the organ of Gaston Bergery, regarded as one of the cleverest politicians in France—so clever and intellectual, indeed, that his career possesses no promise of a brilliant future. Votes in the Chamber are often 539 to 1. The one is Bergery.

The *Flêche* gathers under its wing a very curious collection of spirits—pacifists, Trotskyists, distributists, pure democrats, libertarians, anarchists, dissident radicals of all sorts. The result is a babel, but a fascinating one. Bergery's program is anti-trust, anti-war (and therefore, pro-Munich), pro-labor and anti-Stalinist. Here we find Francis Delaîsi, the finest economic publicist in France with weekly exposés of the maneuvers of the financial oligarchy; Galtier-Boissière, pacifist editor of *Crapouillot* (who left the *Canard Enchaîné* because of Stalinist tendencies of the editor); Felicien Challaye, libertarian and anti-imperialist; Charles Rappoport, ex-Communist wit and philosopher ('Why don't you go back to Russia, Rappoport—are you afraid you'll be purged?' 'No, I'm afraid I'll confess.')

Bergery constantly attacks organizations like the League for the Rights of Man (somewhat similar to the American Civil Liberties Union) because while the League attacked Nazi oppression, it found no word of condemnation for the Moscow trials and purges. He sponsored campaigns for the liberation of the POUM prisoners in Barcelona during the war. (Bergery himself would perhaps be the first to be purged by such fanatics as members of the POUM if they ever got power.) His own little party, the 'Frontistes,' consistently fights for reform of the economic structure of the country—even more so than the Communists and Socialists, who have become preoccupied with foreign policies. But the Frontistes have few followers and Ber-

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gery's typically French individualism is so intransigent that it can attract few to the electoral lists. Nevertheless, the *Flêche* remains by far the most interesting periodical in France.

There is a serene voice in this confusing clamor. It is the voice of an older tradition than the Marxism of *Les Volontaires* or even the traditions of 1789 which Bergery invokes. The Catholic tradition occupies a high place in French philosophy and literature. Maritain, Mauriac, Claudel, Bernanos, to name a few, command respect, even from agnostics. Today this old tradition takes on a new garb—that of liberalism. Indeed, since the State-Church conflict during the Dreyfus era, the Catholic Church, poorer in material goods, has acquired new spiritual riches and with it a more tolerant and liberal political cast. The social struggle in France may have found the members of the Church divided, but it did not arouse any united conservative reaction from the hierarchy. The foreign situation, as well, while bringing forth diverse reactions from various social classes, has found the Church on the whole leaning toward the anti-Fascist side. (It is said that Cardinal Verdier refused M. Bonnet's request that church bells be rung in celebration of the Munich settlement.)

In the case of the Catholic intellectuals, almost all the big figures—Maritain, Mauriac, Bernanos—have attacked General Franco. In the general frame-work of French politics, the trend has been largely anti-Fascist, with a leaven of old French nationalism. The hierarchy itself is cautious about committing itself publicly, but it works behind the scenes. Thus the liberal Dominican order has come to occupy the place of spiritual preceptors of post-War France which the reactionary Jesuits occupied before the war. The language of the Dominican review, *La Vie Intellectuelle*, while clothed in a certain ecclesiastical detachment, clearly manifests a Leftward tendency. The Dominicans, through their influence, have infused a new attitude in various Catholic lay publications—the *Temps Present* (weekly), the *Aube* (daily), the *Voltigeur* (monthly) and *Esprit* (monthly intellectual review.)

In fact, in *Esprit*, the Catholic spirit (the editors prefer to label it 'Christian') finds its fullest expression. *Esprit* is pro-labor, but against the class war. It fights big business. It is against Communism and Stalinism, but on a muted note, quite different from the strident accusations of Bergery. It is strongly republican. However, it does not recline in an ivory tower, but is attempting to organize groups throughout the country for social action according to its ideas (with what success, it is impossible to determine).

Finally, it, too, has taken an anti-Munich stand. Its editor, Emmanuel Mounier, invokes the philosophy of Peguy, that Catholic intellectual of the pre-War period, defender of Dreyfus, republican, social reformer, adherent to French tradition, who typified so well the '*union sacrée*' which sprang to life in August 1914. In saying that 'in the world that has forsworn spiritual values, nothing spiritual may be built without an ever-present threat of conflict; and wishing to eliminate this risk at any price means forsaking these values and committing first moral, then physical suicide;' in striking this courageous attitude, the editors of *Esprit* have perhaps created a common ground for another '*union sacrée*.'

We Need Release

By J. B. Priestley

From the *News Chronicle*, London

THE typical modern English reaction to any deep emotional stress is to pretend it is not there. I have noticed that my friends, after they have suffered a deep personal loss, try to pretend that nothing much has happened. Instead of expressing their sorrow, they do all they can to stifle

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it. They affect a sort of brittle gaiety. They endeavor to persuade you that they are ready for any kind of fun and games. Their inner desolation is never mentioned.

Now all this may be very courageous, but I do not think it is wise.

What is not wise for individuals is not likely to be wise for the community. A public that has been suffering a constant and deep sense of stress needs some form of relief. If it is to keep its mental health, it cannot afford to ignore this strain.

Two courses of action have been popular and both are wrong. The first course is to abstain, to go about in a mentally-numbed condition, as no doubt a great many people have done during these past six months. It is this—and not, I think, sheer lack of money—that explains the recent bad drop in book sales, theatre returns, picture dealing, and so forth.

The second course is to insist upon having the front of the mind tickled, and nothing else. Only triviality will do. The argument runs: 'Oh, life's so awful these days. I must have something nice and light, to take me out of myself, make me forget.' So there is a demand for bits of nonsense.

This works sometimes, but it cannot work all the time. You forget, perhaps, for an hour or two, but grim reality is waiting for you outside, and all the more terrible now, it may be, because the deep tension has found no relief.

No attack upon popular entertainment is intended here. I should be a fool to launch such an attack, for I suppose I must have contributed as much as any one man to popular entertainment during these last few years. A broad comedy of mine was produced right on top of the crisis. I like to hear the people laughing, and take pleasure myself in good hearty comedy.

But what I object to—and what, indeed, frightens me—is this refusal on the part of so many people to seek out anything but the most inane trivialities, and this fear of what is serious, searching and moving. I like toys, games and nonsense, but to insist upon having nothing else seems to me a declaration of intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy. It is a genuine sign of decadence.

Our fathers and grandfathers knew no such terrors as those that haunt our dreams now, and even if they had, they could at least have relieved the stress through the religious services they were then in the habit of attending. Many of these services, as I remember from my own boyhood, had a high emotional quality and a strong purging effect.

But too many of our people have wandered far away from this kind of religion, and yet have found no substitute for it in the arts, in the enduring visions of the painters, the terrible splendor of music, the all-embracing passion of the poets, the communal and deeply loving art of the theatre.

In this matter I suspect we are worse off than any other nation, for even Hitler and Mussolini have allowed their people their Wagner and Verdi. And the American Government was able to launch, with success, a vast WPA scheme for employing artists, writers, actors.

I do not envy my Russian colleagues their severe censorship, though I believe this is being modified, but I do envy them, almost bitterly, the huge, new, eager public that the Revolution has given them, with the result that the Soviet Union presents a wide spectacle of artistic endeavor and appreciation, the like of which the world has never seen before.

This is not the time to refuse everything but trivialities, to ask for a bigger and bigger flood of silliness, much of it set in motion by interests that do not want the people to feel and think. Let us laugh, but let us weep too, so that we may find some release from the stress and pressure deep in our minds.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Rothermere's Warnings

Warnings and Predictions. *By Viscount Rothermere. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1939.*

(Winston S. Churchill in the *Daily Mail*, London)

LORD ROTHERMERE was a man in a powerful position, with the famous *Daily Mail* and its sisters and children under his control. No one can read his book, *Warnings and Predictions*, without being convinced that he has addressed his mind sincerely to the dark, obscure and shifting problems of our time, and that no personal interest has deflected or biased his judgment.

His contribution to our affairs is personal. It will not please any party or any organized grouping of opinion. He condemns in prescient terms the supine neglects of the MacDonald-Baldwin Administration to provide for the national defenses. He despises and derides the League of Nations.

His view of dictatorship is mainly that it is a more efficient form of government than Parliamentary democracy; but he is by no means willing to submit to it. It appears to be a very fine, splendid régime, but he would like England to be strong enough not to fall into its clutches.

As for the European situation; he has long proclaimed the ill-usage of Hungary in the Treaty of Trianon; he has consistently for many years regarded the Czecho-Slovakian Republic as a monstrous affront to German and Hungarian sentiments. Ten years ago he predicted that it would one day 'be elbowed out of its existence overnight.'

His attitude to France is cool and, upon the whole, distrustful. His attitude to Germany is one of admiration for her force and for the precision of her routine. At no point in his powerful, far-sighted utterances does he appear conscious of the difference in living under an autocratic Government, which has the power to arrest at any moment any obnoxious individual and cast him into indefinite bondage, and living in the kind of civilization we still enjoy in Great Britain, the United States, France, Scandinavia, and some of the smaller States of Europe. If he rails at the incompetence of the Parliamentary rule under which we have lived in the last ten years, it is not because he would care to live under the Nazi dispensation; but rather because, in dark hours, he deems us incapable of warding it off.

To measure this remarkable book, we must seek the roots of the problem. Lord Rothermere was one of the first Englishmen to realize the vital, or perhaps mortal, significance of two great new facts which broke brutally upon the post-War world at the beginning of 1933: the power of the air, and the arrival of Hitler.

With regard to the Air Force, he is magnificent. As far back as November, 1933, he called upon Britain to produce 5,000 warplanes.

> In the most vital of all departments of our national defense the Government is gravely neglecting its duty. Not since the Dutch fleet burned British shipping in the Medway two hundred and fifty years ago has this country been so inadequately protected against foreign attack as it is today.

In those days France was relatively strong in the air. But this in no way diminished Lord Rothermere's desire for an overwhelming British Air Force. He would make it even at the expense of the Navy.

> We can raise our aerial strength to five thousand machines for less than the cost of three such huge and dubiously valuable battleships as the *Lord Nelson*. . . . If such an expansion of our aerial strength were combined with a defensive Franco-British

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> alliance, the peace of Europe would be established indefinitely upon unshakable foundations. . . . We need 5,000 warplanes.

He has never discriminated in these pages at any time effectively between the number of actual warplanes, which can be produced by the factories, and the size of the Air Force required to use these machines.

This led him to treat the capacity of the German airplane factories as the decisive measure of German air power. He used figures of daily German production which quickly reached astronomical proportions. He spoke several years ago of the descent of 50,000 airplanes, bomb-laden, upon our shores.

Of this it can only be said that when, at the end of 1918, we were making airplanes at the rate of from 20,000 to 30,000 a year, we could never keep more than 3,000 in action simultaneously.

But if there was exaggeration in these figures it detracts in no way from the clarion call given in good time to a torpid Government, devoid of forethought or statecraft.

In his preface, written a few weeks ago, Lord Rothermere tells us how he has seen

> Britain reduced from an undisputed dominance of the world to a position in which her diplomatic wishes are largely ignored, often contemptuously, and her security challenged. That drastic change will seem to history the responsibility of those in whose charge our national fortunes were placed during the period of transition from acknowledged power to palpable impotence.

The situation has altered somewhat since then.

Another part of this remarkable human document deals with Lord Rothermere's appreciation of Adolf Hitler. When Hitler was treated by British public opinion as a figure of fun, 'a Charlie Chaplin of international affairs,' 'a clownish imitation of Signor Mussolini,' Lord Rothermere regarded him as an apparition of awful and sinister power.

On January 31, 1933, when Hitler managed to become Chancellor of the German Reich, he said to the celebrated journalist, Mr. Ward Price: 'This will prove to be one of the most historic days, if not the most historic day, in the latter-day history of Europe.'

This far-seeing intuition led him to cultivate the friendship of this strange, formidable new figure. Because he had written of Hitler in the days of his struggle and adversity in terms of serious regard, the Führer, triumphant, nursed a feeling of gratitude toward an English friend. Hitler considered Lord Rothermere an interpreter to England of his ideals and aspirations. He treated him with an intimacy and ceremony which he never showed to Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax, or Mr. Chamberlain. He entertained him for some days almost alone in his eyrie at Berchtesgaden.

Lord Rothermere, while urging British rearmament in the air, pleaded also, at the same time, for a really friendly understanding with Nazi Germany. These two positions, though both controversial, were not contradictory. While Socialist politicians were resisting British rearmament and at the same time abusing Hitler, the reviewer himself strove to strengthen Britain and to placate Hitler.

In the vast confusion of world affairs, no one can say that there were not moments when this dual policy might have been effective. Those days, however, are gone. Britain did not obtain the necessary air strength, nor did she reach an understanding with Hitler at the time when his terrible force might have been brought to rest.

All this is arguable. Large numbers of People all over the world consider that the Nazi régime, as such, menaces inevitably the civilization in which we have been reared, and all the traditions of English Parliamentary freedom established in our history. Nevertheless we need not con-

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demn the spirit which sought to make Britain all-powerful in the air, and from this basis of strength to seek a lasting understanding with the German Dictator. We all want to live in a friendly way in the same world as Germany, but we shall never be able to do so until we have regained superior strength.

I well remember that Lord Rothermere at Christmas in 1935, which we spent together in Morocco, told me with absolute assurance that the forcible occupation of the Rhineland was impending. The mismanagement of affairs affecting our safety, possibly our survival, reached its peak during these decisive months. The author of this book may fairly claim to be free from all responsibility for the strange policy into which the Conservative Party was then led, and from which they have recoiled with equally incoherent conviction.

The tragical events of March, 1938, are a cruel commentary upon the last six years of our history. Lord Rothermere has lived to see 'Czecho-Slovakia elbowed out of existence overnight.' He sees Hitler in violent opposition to Great Britain, the United States and France. He has even to accept the support of the Russian bugbear. He is entitled to draw his melancholy conclusion that British Parliamentary democracy under its present leadership has utterly failed either to make peace with the dictators or to prepare effectively to resist them by force. He rallies to Mr. Chamberlain as our only hope.

His writings show that he would have pursued a very different course from that for which the present Prime Minister bears his share of responsibility. All his friendly contacts with Hitler have inspired our author with a dread of his power. It is certain that had his advice been followed we should not now be in our present dire and unhappy plight.

We have a right to expect from all that Lord Rothermere has written that he will take his place in that vast, world-wide combination of military and moral forces which must now restrain or encounter the armed might of Nazi Germany—and its hitherto unmeasured and untested mastery of the air.

Limbo of Lost Souls

Les Chemins de la mer. *By François Mauriac. Paris: Grasset. 1939.*

(Henry Bidou in *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

François Mauriac has written a book that is so unlike any of his previous works that his admirers might find it difficult to believe that it was written by the same man. It is not that the book is in any sense inferior; on the contrary, it is one of his finest works; but somehow it indicates a complete change of attitude, a shifting of emphasis that is rather hard to understand.

Mauriac used to write in the grand old Racine tradition. He spoke of doom, of passion that struck like lightning and atrocious fatalities that played havoc with the lives of mortals. In *Les Chemins de la mer*, he again speaks of a tragic destiny. But this time his hero is a trivial episodic character, the insignificant clerk Revolou, and the villain is his equally insignificant friend Landin. The latter is a grotesque creature, ridiculously ugly, with a misshapen head, a beard that seems to eat into his face like a fungus, with drooping shoulders and a large stomach. This unfortunate being has preserved from the days they were students together a profound admiration for Revolou. He is all disinterested devotion, zeal and humility —altogether a sort of saint, but with a curious twist in his character—exactly the sort of person Mauriac takes special pleasure in crucifying, as he did once before in his play, *Asmodée*.

It is not a question here of unmasking a hypocrite. Landin does not pretend to virtues he has not got. He is touching in his disinterested devotion and, because of his affection, endures a lot from Revolou.

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Yet that very affection makes him Revolou's evil genius. His unselfish service has freed the notary from most of his responsibilities and cares and thereby driven him to perdition. At the end, Revolou, weak and irresponsible, is completely ruined, becomes involved in a disastrous love affair and ends by killing himself.

At this point Mauriac puts a strange twist into the story. After Revolou's death, Landin, who has been going through his papers, finds in his friend's diary a constant reference to someone whom he calls *Immonde*—the disgusting one—and who inspires him with disgust and horror. After a while Landin understands that this repulsive creature is himself. This revelation changes Landin completely. From his despair there emerges a hitherto hidden evil personality of which he himself was unaware. He goes to Paris, puts his talents at the disposal of a blackmailing paper, becomes rich and dies a victim of a base crime.

This phase of the book contains a profound psychological truth. In the depths of every man's soul there lurks a nest of sleeping serpents; let misfortune strike and they awake, hissing. It is perfectly possible for a man who has hitherto led a perfectly blameless existence to leave his house one day apparently his usual sane, honest self and within half-an-hour come back a criminal. This is true in the case of Landin whose patina of apparently unassailable virtue crumbled under the shock of Revolou's monstrous ingratitude.

A few years ago, Landin would have been the hero of the book. Now the author makes him a purely episodic character whose function is to relieve the mediocrity of the others. There is no one else in the respectable bourgeois families of Bordeaux, Revolou and Costadot quite like Landin. His road leads to hell; theirs, to the limbo of mediocrity. And here is the great change in Mauriac. For three hundred odd pages he deals, not without faint disgust, with egoistic, feeble beings, not evil but incapable of rising above their limitations. And it is hard to tell whether in his conception of the average bourgeois, he is not being more pessimistic than in his previous novels where he grappled directly with evil forces in man.

Ural Tales

Uralskiye Skazy. *By P. Bazhov. Moscow: Gosizdat. 1939.*

(Anna Karavayeva in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Moscow)

IN HIS *Ural Tales*, P. Bazhov has drawn heavily on an inexhaustible source of folklore material. His book is an edited collection of stories which miners, delving into the Ural mountains for precious stones and gold, have woven around their back-breaking work—tales passed on from father to son, from generation to generation. They are the stuff from which great folk epics are woven. In them a rich and inventive fantasy is fused with intrinsic simplicity and realism. The heroes are the miners who follow veins of gold into the heart of the mountain, and the stone-cutters who shape the granite and malachite into works of art.

The reader feels the workers' preoccupation with social justice, and their readiness to combat whatever conditions appear to them as unfair. They have an ally in the mountain. The mythical guardians with which they people its fastnesses, the so-called 'Mistress of the Copper Mountain,' a sorceress in a *sarafan* of malachite, and the 'Great Poloz,' a legendary ancient clothed in gold, are indulgent toward the industrious and honest miners, but they are implacably severe to the workers' oppressors. Thus, in one folk-tale, a cruel overseer is magically transformed into a rock. But to the worthy the mountain gladly opens its gold-bearing depths, gigantic rocks stir from their place in obedience to their will, and the lizards sprawling against the side of a cliff are transformed into chrysolite veins.

Fantasy was the miners' best defense against their perilous and barren exist-

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ence. Their oppressors, who appropriated from them the fruits of their work, had the power and the material wealth, but the working masses possessed the spiritual wealth. They had the creative dreams, the mastery over inanimate matter, that best found expression in things they did with their hands. As one reads of the agonized search for perfection by the stone-cutter Danilo, the reader must conjecture on those thousands of unknown artists.

One of the best stories is that of the aforementioned stone-cutter. Everyone admires his skill as he carves a malachite chalice in the shape of a flower, following a given design with so delicate a precision that not a flake of stone is chipped. But the master himself is not content: 'The pattern is clear and the cutting is accurate —but where is its true beauty?' Having heard the legend of the stone flower, a sight of which teaches one the secret of true beauty, Danilo burns with desire to see it. The 'Mistress of the Copper Mountain,' touched by his passionate love of beauty, reveals herself to him, and shows him her garden, where wondrous flowers of malachite, perfect in every detail of leaf and petal, sway in the breeze, tolling like so many little bells. Captivated, Danilo stays in the magic garden and works for the sorceress.

But the end of the story is full of human significance. The image of the sorceress of the mountain is one of the most alluring in any country's folklore. A creature of unearthly beauty, with hair as black as loam and eyes as green as chrysolite, garbed in malachite, she is the embodiment of the spirit of poetry, of creative fantasy. But even she bows to the mundane strain in the minds of the men who devised her. The reality of everyday life in the long run prevails over the delights of life in an enchanted garden. 'I cannot forget men,' says Danilo, as he comes back to the world of hard-bitten reality, of conflict and loss, yet a world somehow dear and familiar to the heart of man.

This quality of boundless optimism and vitality adds much to *Ural Tales*. In the blackest days of misrule and oppression, they show the miners dreaming of the time when the riches they dig from the mountains shall be distributed justly and the artificial power of gold will disappear.

Back to Childhood

Le Toutounier. *By Colette. Paris: Frenczi. 1939.*

(Marcel Arland in *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

IN COLETTE'S latest novel, *Le Toutounier* (a quite untranslatable French expression, standing for a host of childish associations and endearments), the reader meets again the heroine of *Duo*, Colette's well-known play that has recently reaped much applause on the French stage. After her husband's death she comes back to her childhood home for a brief reunion with her sisters. She is not, however, the central character in the story—nor are any of the other characters. The story belongs, rather, to the old house, the nest from which all the fledglings have flown but around which still lingers the warm atmosphere of childhood, redolent with magic memories; the matrix of old habits, odors, dreams and hopes, from which the sisters have emerged long ago and to which they every so often return for comfort and forgetfulness. The symbol of the comfortable past is the old voluminous couch-'*toutounier*' where they used to play their old games and sleep all together. In order to revive the atmosphere of childhood, they must again remember old passwords, submit to outlived but stringent rules, such as 'joke without giggling, never avoid any subject of conversation, keep cool and impassive under all circumstances, and never cry. . . .'

This time Colette has been able to devote an entire book to her favorite theme. Her women, even in their modern independence, are slaves, shamelessly

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happy in their enslavement. Not slaves to man, precisely, but rather to their obedience to habit, their need of being surrounded by tenderness and devotion, or even by purely animal warmth. Incapable of facing solitude, scarcely set free, they dream of a new prison. They scrutinize each other and are seized by a secret fear. How much time do they still have before them? Has their beauty been wasted?

There is no other writer who can fuse the elements of the body and of the spirit into so intimate a mixture that they can no longer be told apart. And she describes this troubled world of ambiguous femininity with scathing accuracy. At once judge and accomplice, she reveals tiny but telling secrets, ruthlessly unveils all the weaknesses, puerilities and ruses that are the weapons of her sex. A woman would be justified in calling her book a piece of treason to her sex.

She excels in giving us a complete description of a face or a mental state by deftly underlining a detail. Even in this book where she is concerned with the description of an atmosphere rather than that of persons, each one of her characters is invested with an unmistakable personality.

Colette is not so happy, however, when she deals with a male character. She circles him warily, like a cat encountering a strange dog. She is content to sketch him lightly, with a mere indication of a line or a silhouette, and leave it at that. This unwillingness to deal with anything of which she has not a complete and intimate knowledge is another admirable trait in her. Her style has never been so sure and masterly. Every bit of superfluous preciousness has been polished away. She writes by instinct, yet there is not a word in her swift, nervous, economic sentences that is not right. She is sensual without too much languor, direct without vulgarity; even her cynicism has the saving grace of a sort of shadowy modesty. She does not seek to create a harmonious style; sometimes it might even seem that she avoids it; but behind the succinct, staccato rhythm of her sentences one hears the grave and ardent music of a woman's voice.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

MEN MUST ACT. *By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 176 pages. $1.75.*

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT. *By Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 196 pages. $1.75.*

TWO great publicists raise their pens to smite Fascism. Mr. Mumford writes with passionate eloquence born of fierce indignation. Against the infamous thing which he summons us to crush, he opposes, in simple confidence, the American way, *i.e.*, the way of rational persuasion. No compromise, he says again and again, is possible, for 'There is no conceivable limit to Fascist aggression until the world is made over in the Fascist image.' Therefore, men must act, and since act we must sooner or later, let us do so now, at once, and upon our own terms.

If Mr. Mumford writes as the humanitarian philosopher, Mr. Chase falls into the tradition of the great publicists. His hatred for Fascism certainly is not less intense, but it is more tempered. His blows are more telling. His concern is less with the roots and origins of Fascism as a state of mind, than with discovering what immediate circumstances gave rise to it and from what baleful nexus of factors emerges that recurrent strife of Europe. He is concerned, above all, with showing that America is a world apart from tragic Europe with its blood-encrusted traditions of hate. 'The mightiest country,' virtually self-sufficient, is not only well able to keep aloof, but is forced by every dictate of sober calculation and justice to keep out of war and build up a new Western front against the insanity fair of the Old World. With matchless simplicity (and the aid of charts which anyone can read), he analyzes the ineluctable warfare to which Europe is doomed, and the solution of its problem, he is convinced, is farther off today than it was in 1913. Hence for us to embark upon a new crusade would be a folly even greater than that which he describes in his biting chapter on our war experience, called 'Twenty Million Grand.'

Those are the analyses which provide the background for the suggested remedies. Mr. Mumford's remedies are drastic: the first step is the ending of all political and economic intercourse with the three Fascist countries. He would have the United States Government withdraw all its nationals and recall its accredited representatives. We should liquidate all our long term and short term investments, and place a complete embargo upon all trade with them. We should withhold passport privileges to those countries except for scholars, churchmen and representatives of the press. We should prohibit entrance of all Fascist nationals with the exception of refugees. We should refuse entry to vessels from Fascist countries. We should begin a systematic deportation of Germans and Italians who remain Fascist subjects and withdraw the privileges of citizenship from all hyphenated Fascist-Americans. In short, we should institute an undeclared war, giving them a dose of their own medicine.

Mr. Chase's program is the argument loosely mis-labelled isolationist. We should keep and reënforce our present neutrality, keep our nationals out of the war zone, forbid the sale of munitions to all belligerents, keep all exports to a peace time quota, deny all loans and credits, and, while we still have time, stock up on all the essential raw materials in which we are deficient. At the same time, Mr. Chase would also bring our military forces to that point of efficiency which Major Eliot outlines in his thoughtful work, *The Ramparts We Watch*.

Which of these two programs of action is America to follow? Certainly not a bit of each, as occasionally the Administration seems to do. Mr. Mumford's style is silkier; Mr. Chase's arguments are tougher. Granting that the former's analysis of Fascism is entirely correct, which the reviewer is far from doing, is there not a great possibility that the action which he advocates might result in consequences comparable in all essential respects to those of the existing post-War madness? What depresses and frightens the reviewer is that a man of Mr. Mumford's superb intelligence, a man of generous and humane sympathies, a man who represents the full flowering of democratic civilization, can outline a remedy which bids fair to multiply the evils he would efface. He writes under the impress of a great fear,

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indeed in the agony of unbearable pain. He strikes out against the evil that torments him and he would have us strike out with him against the great beast. But hatred, even the most righteous hatred, is not enough. Or perhaps it is too much. Mr. Mumford quotes with approval A.E.'s wise phrase that a man becomes the image of the thing he hates. He feels that he can avoid that danger. The reviewer is completely convinced that Mr. Mumford himself can avoid that danger; but until the rest of our 120,000,000 inhabitants reach Mr. Mumford's stature, he takes his stand with Mr. Chase: 'People in other countries may have no time to crack anything open before their own skulls are cracked. They may have to fight before they can think. We can wait. We can think. We can choose a course.'

—Leo Gershoy

Fighting Years: Memoirs of a Liberal Editor. *By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 543 pages. $3.75.*

THE first hundred pages of this book, dealing with Mr. Villard's pre-journalistic days, present so unappealing a picture of him that the impatient reader might incline to put the volume down and so deprive himself of the four hundred excellent pages following. Not enough of a poet to evoke the color of American life in the last quarter of the nineteenth century in terms of his own environment, and still something of a feudal lord, Mr. Villard rambles on about his father, Henry Villard, the railroad baron, from whom, strangely enough, he 'never heard . . . one selfish or self-seeking word, nor any expression of opinion that could be described as else than high-minded and liberal,' about the English gentlemen who used to visit his parents' home, about the family servants who 'were devoted to their tender-hearted mistress as they should have been,' about the German royal princes and princesses who 'skated democratically on the pond in the Thiergarten, unguarded and mingling freely with the public,' and about dear Brutus, the dog 'who lay at my father's feet until bedtime came. Never once did he misbehave. . . . Why should he have headed straight for us and have adopted my father as his master? I can find no answer to this.'

But with this off his chest, Mr. Villard plunges into a review of his long newspaper and magazine careers, and the book instantly takes on life, sparkling, rich with pointed anecdotes, full of professional wisdom and historically important detail, and altogether enormously interesting. As the owner-editor of the *New York Evening Post*, which he sold in 1918, and of the *Nation*, which he relinquished in 1933, he wielded an influence in national affairs that probably has no equal in modern American history.

Through the *Evening Post* he did much to mold the philosophy of the New Freedom and to guide President Wilson in his first administration, and performed a signal service by publishing the Secret Treaties among the Allied Powers, which stripped their war motives of holiness. And in the *Nation*, which was at its best under his hand, he set the pace for weekly journalism by printing information and articles that other periodicals would have considered 'one-sided and bizarre.' One of the most able journalists of his time, and his profession's severest and most truly constructive critic, he had a sharp nose for news and an extraordinary talent, amounting almost to genius, for presenting it in a manner that would attract attention in places of power. In the realm of political reporting and liberal editorializing, no one in the last twenty-five years has surpassed him.

His analyses of the rise and collapse of Al Smith and Newton D. Baker alone would assure him long remembrance, and while he has not been very fortunate in his comments on foreign affairs (witness his book on Germany, published a few years ago), he has probably written the most understanding and truthful as well as most cruel appraisal of Ramsay MacDonald in the English language.

Age has laid its hand upon him, robbing him of some of his former vigor and insight, but to smile at him indulgently, as has become the custom in certain quarters, is to do him a very great wrong. Men must be judged by their best work, not by their aberrations, never by the products of their declining years. Despite all his mistakes and lapses from grace, even in recent years, he can show a far better record of integrity and genuine progressivism than any one of his critics, and they could all profit more by studying the major achievements in his career than by hunting for blemishes in it. The chief fault with Mr. Villard's present book—on the whole, the best autobiography of its kind to appear in this country to date—is that

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he tends to minimize his own accomplishments. He will probably go down in history as the most useful American liberal journalist in the first four decades of the twentieth century.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES. *By Martha Dodd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 382 pages. $3.00.*

WHEN Professor William E. Dodd went to Berlin in 1933 as American Ambassador to Germany, his daughter, Martha, accompanied him, together with his wife and son. Ambassador Dodd, liberal historian, democrat and humanitarian, soon proved to be a thorn in the side of Nazi officialdom. His spirited daughter must have been even more annoying to the humorless Hitler hierarchy. At first impressed by the new Germany because of the impact of Nazi propaganda, she later began to see the real significance of the upheaval in Germany. Here is her story—'a terribly moving story of disillusionment and growing fury.'

There will be many who will not like this book, including the Nazi personalities who attempted energetically but unsuccessfully to win her over; some officials in the United States Department of State, who will probably accuse her of telling tales out of school; dowagers in the book clubs of the hinterland, who will be immeasurably shocked by her lusty, impassioned writing; and highbrow book critics, who will say that much of her book sounds like the diary of a college sophomore. They may all have some reason to criticize, but the present reviewer found her record to be among the most fascinating publications of the season.

It is true that Miss Dodd's book suffers in spots from hasty writing and loosely-knit organization, but there is more than enough compensation in passages of keen political analysis, of remarkable descriptions, and of sheer lovely prose. There is something which may be called the American Spirit in the soul of this young lady, who, once she got her bearings in Nazi Germany, refused categorically to compromise with the repugnant ideals of Nazism gone bestial.

Courageous, witty, intelligent, gifted with a rare sense of humor, the Ambassador's daughter undoubtedly inspired an elaborate *dossier* in the Führer's secret files. American to the core, completely lacking in inhibitions, she strode through the ranks of Nazi diplomats like an avenging five-foot-two angel, leaving many of them nonplussed and thoroughly ashamed of themselves. In her 'memoirs,' she topples them over one by one like ten-pins.

Miss Dodd's book gives the most devastating picture yet published of the Nazi régime and its effects upon the German people. Speaking frankly and without pulling any punches, she lifts the veil from a nation in the grip of an inhuman, brutal dictatorship such as history has not witnessed in the past. She has seen plenty and writes about it fearlessly and with a keen sense of the issues involved.

Among the high spots of this remarkable volume may be mentioned: the author's brilliant psychological analysis of Hitler's personality, probably the best written account of that strange man that has yet appeared in the voluminous Hitler-literature; a side-splitting characterization of Ernst Hanfstaengl, personal-clown-and-musician-emeritus-to-Hitler ('He could exhaust any one and, from sheer perseverance, out-shout or out-whisper the strongest man in Berlin'); an embarrassing story of how the American Government bought the Blücher Palace in Berlin for $1,700,000 from an American company which had paid $150,000 for it; the harrowing descriptions of 'life' in Nazi concentration camps, events which for rank brutality surpass the most degrading pages of medieval history; an inside account of the blood purge of 1934; and the priceless story of Tom Wolfe: 'Once Tom Wolfe sat in the diplomatic box (at the Olympic Games in Berlin). When Jesse Owens won a particularly conspicuous victory, Tom let out a war whoop. Hitler twisted in his seat, looked down, attempting to locate the miscreant, and frowned angrily.'

The chief fault of Miss Dodd's volume is that it should have been twice as long. *Martha in Wunderland* is a story the reader will not easily forget. If the field of diplomacy be open to American women in the future, Miss Dodd has our unqualified support for the posts at Rome and Tokyo.

—LOUIS LEO SNYDER

AMERICA AT WAR. *By Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1939. 465 pages. $3.75.*

AS VOLUME II in Professor Paxson's series, *American Democracy and the World War*, the present book deals with the years 1917–

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1918, on the European battlefields as well as on the home front. With meticulous care and amazing impartiality, Dr. Paxson discusses every agency, from the purely propagandist to the military, which helped the United States in its prosecution of the war. He shows, perhaps more effectively than any previous writer on the subject, how the American democracy was first made war-conscious, and how quickly its forces were mobilized. He says: 'But the military contribution that helped make possible a defeat of Germany months—or years—ahead of prophecy was a less significant factor in victory than was the American contribution to ideas. . . . From his study in the White House, Woodrow Wilson conducted the campaign whose result made him the greatest general of the war.'

AMERICA REBORN. *By Ralph L. Woods. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1939. 376 pages. $3.00.*

MR. WOODS points out in detail the huge centralization that has taken place in the United States: that 'at least one-fifth of the total population resides in the metropolitan areas of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and Los Angeles;' that 'one-seventh of one per cent of the total United States land area contains 43.8 per cent of all the wage jobs, as of 1929;' and that 'two-thirds of the factory jobs are in an area only 5 per cent of the nation's total.' He argues, and with great plausibility, that such centralization is bad socially and economically. He then shows the advantages of decentralization, and outlines movements in that direction. Altogether a valuable sociological study.

TRAVELS IN THE NORTH. *By Karel Capek. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 269 pages. $2.25.*

IN THIS delightful book, full of charm and gayety Karel Capek, the famous Czech writer who has recently died, travels North beyond the Arctic circle, through Denmark, Sweden and Norway. He describes (and illustrates) the richness of Denmark's countryside and its well planned towns, the weird Swedish forests and myriads of islands and the wild mountains and fjords of Norway. His description of the Swedish people is one of genuine insight and feeling. His rare individuality shines through every page.

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Month after month, letters, telegraph and telephone messages come to our editorial office with comments like these: "Let me tell you of the increasing value of *Amerasia*." . . . "The April issue is most significant." . . . The reason is that outstanding authorities on the subject continue to write in their most pungent manner in the pages of *Amerasia*. The last two issues alone contained, among others, the following articles:

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by Lieut.-Gen. K. Doihara, of the Japanese Army

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The Future of the West in China
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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

a recent biography of Hitler, remarks on the fact that even in Palestine Great Britain has been true to her policy of repulsing her friends and wooing her enemies. [p. 254]

LUCIEN MAULVAULT, the author of 'The Frappel Pass,' has recently written a book about Spain, and has traveled much in Africa and Morocco. He was actually present when the frontier incident he so vividly describes took place. [p. 257]

AMERICAN public opinion is strongly pro-Chinese notwithstanding the fact that her interests in Japan exceed by far those on the Chinese continent. Toshiyé Obama, a well-known Japanese economist and journalist, and editor of the *Shogyo Shimpo*, takes great pains to show us that we ought to drop our apparently altruistic support of China. [p. 264]

Freda Utley, the author of 'China, Left or Right,' is a British writer and journalist, the author of *Japan's Feet of Clay* and *Japan's Gamble in China*. She has traveled extensively in the Far East. [p. 267]

France is watching with considerable anxiety Japan's latest moves in the Pacific, which bid fair to conflict with her own imperial possessions, particularly that priceless pearl in her crown, Indo-China. [p. 270]

THREE different problems are discussed in a group entitled 'From the North Sea to the Baltic.' Muriel Harris tells us about the successful reclamation project carried out in the Dutch Zuider Zee region. [p. 274] The second article deals with the various causes of conflict among the Baltic peoples, prevalent despite their present policy of neutrality. [p. 276] The concluding article of this group deals with Russia's fight against gigantomania in her industry—described by a Russian writer in *Izvestia*. [p. 278]

AMONG our personality sketches this month are those of Roberto Farinacci, one of Mussolini's henchmen, whose article 'Render unto Caesar' we published a few months ago. Alberto Cianca, formerly editor of *Il Messagero*, is now the editor of the Italian anti-Fascist weekly, *Giustizia e Libertà*. [p. 243] Gabriel Pascal, the second of our persons, is the dynamic producer of Shaw's *Pygmalion*. [p. 245] Radola Gajda, about whom Douglas Reed writes a brief outline, may yet turn out to be another one of Hitler's stop-gaps. The reports that he had been ousted as Hitler's deputy in Czecho-Slovakia have as yet neither been confirmed nor denied. [p. 247]

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